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THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

A Weekly Sporting Paper,

DEVOTED TO

THE RING, THE TURF,
YACHTING, PEDESTRIANISM,
CRICKET, ROWING MATCHES,
THEATRICALS, MUSIC,

And the various sports of the

OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

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TOM CRIBB,

First known in the Pugilistic Hemisphere by the Appellation of

"The Black Diamond!"

But who rose rapidly by his Scientific Pursuits, to the proud and enviable Title of

THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND,

in 1821.

Richmond, who it appeared had offended CRIBB, was, immediately after his recovery, challenged for fifty guineas, to be decided instantly, but his friends would not suffer such a proceeding to take place.

Jem Belcher, whose conquests had been so truly distinguished, was so grievously hurt in his mind by the defeat which he had experienced with CRIBB, that he was determined to have another trial, for the recovery of that which was so dear to him as a pugilist, Victory and Fame. This memorable conflict took place on February 1st, 1809, on Epsom race-ground, in a thirty-feet roped ring; *Belcher* was seconded by *Mendoza* and *Clark*; and CRIBB was attended by *Joe Ward* and *Bill Gibbons*. Three to one on CRIBB.

THE FIGHT.

First. Considerable science was displayed on both sides for a short time, when Belcher put in two hits, one of which was warded off by Cribb, but the other took effect on his body, who instantly returned, which Belcher partially stopped, and, in closing, Belcher had a light fall.

Second. Cribb, on the alert, made play, and gave his adversary a blow on the body: Belcher rallied, and, after an exchange of hits, was thrown.

Third. Belcher, full of gaiety, and making use of excellent *science*, put in two lounging hits right and left, one of which took a dreadful effect under the left ear of his opponent, when the blood flowed in torrents. Some good hits were exchanged, but of no consequence. Cribb again threw his adversary.

Fourth. Both the combatants made a grand display of the perfections of the art of boxing—hitting and stopping were never seen to greater advantage. In rallying, Belcher fell somewhat distressed for wind.

Fifth. Belcher hit right and left, but his right hand appeared lamed; when Cribb rallied, and again threw Belcher.

Sixth. Belcher, apparently distressed, retreated to the ropes to recruit his wind, where Cribb, improving the opportunity, put in some severe blows. Belcher, aware of his opponent's uncommon strength, hit out, and gave at arm's length a severe blow under Cribb's ear with his lame hand, and, unfortunately for the latter, upon the exact spot where Gregson had so wounded him—torrents of blood flowed from it; and in closing Belcher gave Cribb a severe cross-buttock. Cribb's constitution was considered so good, that the odds were four to one that he would win.

Seventh. The *science* and style of Belcher gave him the advantage in this round, but he had not stamina to support his efforts, which operated as a check to betting in his favour. He rallied, and planted his blows successfully, and, in closing, Cribb went to the ground, but very lightly.

Eighth. The exertions which Belcher had hitherto made, appeared now to have injured his wind considerably, and he made towards the ropes to recruit it, which Cribb perceiving followed him, when Belcher made an uncommon effort to extricate himself from the superior strength of his antagonist by rallying, and planting a few hits, but they were too feeble to make any impression on the hardy frame of Cribb: in closing much hugging took place, and, after some struggling to obtain the throw, they both went over the ropes.

Ninth. They closed, but were separated by their seconds.

Tenth. It was clearly seen, notwithstanding the courage and *science* displayed by Belcher, that his constitution was too weak for the competitor with which he was engaged, and that the chance of winning was against him. Cribb had been acting principally on the defensive till this period of the battle; but now he changed the scene, went in and showed his superiority by hitting, stopping, and planting several successful blows, and finished the round by giving Belcher a severe fall. All betters as to the event, but no takers.

Eleventh. Cribb, full of gaiety, made play, and again threw his opponent.—Belcher was losing fast every round, both his hands had forsaken their office, and Cribb kept the lead to the

Nineteenth. When Belcher convinced the spectators in what part of hi the deficiency rested, and positively fought against his nature, and stopped most scientifically every hit, till he could not longer resist the impetuosity of his opponent, who bored him completely down; yet Belcher, in spite of all his infirmities, continued the battle till the

Thirty-first. But it was piteous to view this once renowned and brave CHAMPION OF ENGLAND only standing up to be *punished*, and that in the most dreadful manner. For the last ten rounds there was not the smallest shadow of success—the flesh had separated from his nails, and his knuckles were so miserably lacerated, as to appear as if cut with a knife: when, after a contest of forty minutes, the heroic JEM BELCHER resigned the palm of victory to CRIBB, never more to enter the field of honor.

By the above conquest, CRIBB had acquired considerable fame and eminence as a first-rate pugilist; and his friend *Gulley* having resigned all pretensions to *prize-milling*, the envied title of CHAMPION OF ENGLAND descended to him, when he was bound in honour to protect its noble character from insult and attack; and *how* far he has fulfilled that important charge, the promulgation of his warlike deeds will best speak for themselves.

Much as the fame of the former contests of the CHAMPION had excited interest in the *Sporting World*, they were looked upon as trifling, when compared with his battle with *Molineaux*: and even those persons who had hitherto passed over boxing in general as beneath their notice, now seemed to take a lively interest in the issue of this fight. It appeared somewhat as a national concern; *all* felt for the honour of their country, and were deeply interested in the fate of their Champion, TOM CRIBB. *Molineaux* was viewed as a truly formidable rival: he was by no means deficient either in point of strength, courage, or agility, with his opponent; and, though but little known himself, his pedigree had been traced to be good: his father was never beaten, he was a twin-brother; and the family distinguished for pugilistic traits of excellence and *bottom*. In height *Molineaux* is about five feet eight and a quarter, weighing fourteen stone two pounds; while his brave opponent stands five feet ten and a half, and in weight about fourteen stone three pounds. It appears that CRIBB expected to win with ease and style; and *Molineaux* threatened to perform wonders: it was also stated by the most experienced and best informed upon the subject, that the betting upon this occasion exceeded any thing of the kind that had gone before it. Considerable odds were betted that *Molineaux* was disposed of in fifteen minutes, and it was considered safe betting that CRIBB proved the conqueror in half an hour. The day selected for this grand *milling* exhibition was Dec. 10, 1810, at Copthall Common, in the neighbourhood of East-Grinstead, Sussex, within 30 miles of the Metropolis. Notwithstanding the rain came down in torrents, and the distance from London, the *Fancy* were not to be deterred from witnessing the *mill*, and who waded through a clayey road, nearly knee-deep for five miles, with alacrity and cheerfulness, as if it had been as smooth as a bowling-green, so great was the curiosity and interest manifested upon this battle. About twelve o'clock, Mr. *Jackson*, with his usual consideration, had the ring formed at the foot of a hill, (twenty-four feet roped,) surrounded by the numerous carriages which had conveyed the spectators thither, to ward off the chilling breezes and rain which came keenly from the eastward. Immediately upon this being completed, *Molineaux* came forward, bowed, threw up his hat in defiance, and retired to strip; CRIBB immediately followed, and they were soon brought forward by their seconds; *Gulley* and *Joe Ward* for the CHAMPION, and *Richmond* and *Jones* for *Molineaux*.

THE FIGHT.

First round. The first appearance of the young Roscius excited not greater attention than the *setting-to* of the above pugilists; the eyes of the spectators were stretched to their utmost, waiting for the first blow, when, after a few seconds of scientific display, the *Moor* put in a left-handed hit, but which did no execution. Cribb returned, but his *distance* was incorrect; however, he made a good stop, and planted a blow with his left hand under the eye of his opponent. A rally now ensued; a blow was exchanged by each of them, but of no import, when they closed, and Molineaux was thrown.

Second. The *Moor* rallied with a left-handed blow, which did not tell, when Cribb planted a most tremendous one over his adversary's right eye-brow, but which did not have the effect of knocking him down; he only staggered a few paces, followed up by the Champion. Desperation was now the order of the round, and the rally re-commenced with uncommon severity, in which Cribb showed the most science, although he received a dreadful blow on the mouth that made his teeth chatter again, and exhibited the first signs of *claret*. Four to one on Cribb.

Third. After a short pace, occupied in sparring, Molineaux attempted a good blow on Cribb's *nob*, but the Champion parried it, and returned a right-handed hit under the *Moor's* lower rib, when he fell rapidly in the extreme. Still four to one.

Fourth. On setting-to Molineaux rallied, when the Champion stopped his career by a severe hit in the face, that *levelled* him, the ground being wet and slippery.

Fifth. The amateurs were uncommonly interested in this round, it was a display of such united *skill* and *bottom*, that both the combatants claimed peculiar notice from their extraordinary efforts. Molineaux rallied with uncommon fortitude, but his blows were short. Cribb returned with spirit, but the *Moor* knocked them off, and put in a tremendous hit on the left eye of the Champion. A rally, at half-arm's length, now followed, which excited the utmost astonishment from the resoluteness of both the heroes, who hit each other away three times, and continued this desperate *milling* for half a minute, when Molineaux fell from a feeble blow. The *knowing ones* were lost for the moment, and no bets were offered.

Sixth. The *Moor* planted a blow upon the *nob* of the Champion, who fell from the bad state of the ground,

Seventh. Cribb in a rally gave Molineaux a hit on the side of his head, when he went down.

Eight. Cribb showed himself off in good style, and dealt out his blows with considerable success and effect, but experienced, from the determined resolution of the *Moor*, that he was somewhat mistaken in his ideas of the Black's capabilities, who rallied in *prime twig*, and notwithstanding the severe left-handed hits which were planted on his *nob*—the terrible punishment he had received on his body, directed by the fine skill and power of the Champion—still he stood up undismayed, proving that his courage was of no ordinary nature, in exchanging several of the blows, till he fell almost in a state of stupor, from the *milling* his head had undergone. This round was equal to any that preceded it, and only different in point of duration.

Ninth. The battle had arrived at that doubtful state, and things seemed not to prove so easy and tractable as was anticipated, that the betters were rather puzzled to know how they should proceed with success. Molineaux gave such proofs of *gluttony*, that four to one now made many tremble who had sported it; but still there was a ray of hope remaining, from the senseless state in which the *Moor* appeared at the conclusion of the last round. Both the combatants appeared dreadfully punished; and Cribb's head was terribly swelled on the left side; Molineaux's *nob* was also much worse for the fight. On Cribb's displaying weakness, the *flash side* were full of palpitation—it was not looked for, and operated more severe upon their minds on that account. Molineaux rallied with a spirit unexpected, bored in upon Cribb, and by a strong blow through the Champion's guard, which he planted in his face, brought him down. It would be futile here to attempt to portray the countenances of the interested part of the spectators, who appeared, as it were, panic-struck, and those who were not thoroughly acquainted with the *game* of the Champion, began hastily to *hedge-off;* while others, better informed, still placed their confidence on Cribb, from what they had seen him hitherto *take*.

Tenth. Molineaux now showed symptoms of weakness; but yet rallied and bored his opponent to various parts of the ring. Cribb kept knocking him about the *nob*, but he seemed to disregard it, and kept close to his man till they both went down. The Champion now perceived what sort of a *customer* he had to deal with, and that to win, judgment and caution must be resorted to; he therefore adopted his favourite and successful system of *milling on the retreat*.

Eleventh. The *Moor*, still partial to rallying, planted several blows, but they appeared rather feeble, and did not have the desired effect; but, notwithstanding, he evinced strength enough to give Cribb a heavy fall.

Twelfth. Molineaux, immediately on *setting-to*, commenced another rally, when the Champion put in a severe body blow, but the *Moor* treated it with indifference, and in return not only *milled* his head, but in closing threw him.

Thirteenth. Molineaux, in boring in upon his adversary, received a severe *facer* from him, but who went down from the force of his own blow. To show the uncertainty of betting, it is necessary to state, that the odds had changed six to four on the Moor, to the no small chagrin of those who had sported their money, that Molineaux would not become the favourite during the fight.

Fourteenth. The Moor went furiously in, and ran down Cribb without striking a blow, or without the latter being able to return one; however, on disengaging, the Champion was *levelled*.

Fifteenth. Cribb, on *setting-to*, planted a blow over the guard of the Moor, which occasioned a most determined rally, and those persons who were fond of viewing *milling*, might now witness it in perfection; no shifting but giving and taking were displayed on both sides, till Molineaux was knocked down from a severe hit he received in his throat.

Sixteenth. Rallying still the most prominent feature, but Molineaux went down through fatigue; Cribb appearing to the best advantage, the odds changed about till they became even, and that the Champion would win.

Seventeenth. Both the combatants, determined to do their best, entered most spiritedly into another sharp rally, when they closed, and Molineaux not only gave Cribb a desperate fall, but fell upon him. Betting very shy, if any, it appearing to be any body's battle.

Eighteenth. The Champion made play, and planted with his right hand a severe blow on his opponent's body; when Molineaux returned a hit on the Champion's head, who, by a blow on the forehead, hit the Moor off his legs, but afterwards fell fell from the strength of his own blow. Both in an exhausted state.

Nineteenth. To distinguish the combatants by their features would have been utterly impossible, so dreadfully were both their faces beaten—but their difference of *colour* supplied this sort of effect. It was really astonishiug to view the determined manner in which these heroes met—Cribb acting upon the defensive, and retreating from the blows of his antagonist, though endeavouring to put in a hit, was got by Molineaux against the ropes, which were in height about five feet, and in three rows. Molineaux with both his hands caught hold of the ropes, and held Cribb in such a singular way, that he could neither make a hit or fall down; and while the seconds were discussing the propriety of separating the combatants, which the umpires thought could not be done till one of the men fell down, about two hundred persons rushed from the outer to the interior ring, and it is asserted that if one of the Moor's fingers was not broken, it was much injured by some of them attempting to remove his hand from the ropes: all this time Molineaux was gaining his wind by laying his head on Cribb's breast, and refusing to release his victim; when the Champion, by a desperate effort to extricate himself from the rude grasp of the Moor, was at length run down to one corner of the ring, and Molineaux, having got his head under his arm, *fibbed* away most unmercifully, but his strength not being able to the intent, it otherwise must have proved fatal to Cribb, who fell from exhaustion, and the severe *punishment* he had received. The bets were now decided that Molineaux did not fight half an hour; that time having expired during this round.

Twentieth. Molineaux made the most of himself, and brought his opponent down by boring and hitting.

Twenty-first. Cribb planted two blows upon the head and body of his opponent, which Molineaux returned by a desperate blow in Cribb's face; when they closed, and the Champion was thrown. The well-known *bottom* of Cribb induced his friends to back him six to four.

Twenty-second. Of no importance.

Twenty-third. The wind of both the combatants appeared somewhat damaged. they sparred some time to recruit it, when Cribb put in a blow on the left eye of Molineaux, which hitherto had escaped *milling*. The Moor ran in, gave Cribb a severe hit on the body, and threw him heavily.

Twenty-fourth. Molineaux began this round with considerable spirit, and some hits were exchanged, when Cribb was thrown. The betting tolerably even.

Twenty-fifth. The effects of the last fall operated in some degree upon the feelings of Cribb, from its severity; yet the Champion endeavoured to remove this impression by making play, and striving (as in the former round) to put in a hit on Molineaux's left eye, but the Moor, aware of the intent, warded it off, and in return knocked down Cribb.

Twenty-sixth. Both the combatants trying to recruit their wind and strength by scientific efforts. The Champion now endeavoured to hit the right eye of Molineaux, the left having been *darkened* for some time; but the Moor warded off the blows of Cribb with agility and neatness, although he went down from a trifling hit.

Twenty-seventh. Weakness conspicuous on both sides, and, after some pulling and hauling, both fell.

Twenty-eighth. Cribb received a *leveller* in consequence of his distance being incorrect.

Twenty-ninth. The Moor was running in with spirit, but the Champion stopped his career by planting a hit upon his right eye, and, from its severe effects, he went down, which materially damaged his *peeper*. The fate of the battle might be said to be decided by this round.

Thirtieth. If any thing could reflect credit upon the *skill* and *bottom* of Cribb, it was never more manifest than in this contest, in viewing what a resolute and determined hero he had to vanquish. Molineaux, in spite of every disadvantage, with a courage and ferocity unequalled, rising superior to exhaustion and fatigue, rallied his adversary with as much resolution as at the commencement of the fight, his *nob* defying all the *milling* it had received, that *punishment* appeared to have no *decisive* effect upon it, and contending nobly with Cribb right and left, knocking him away by his hits, and gallantly concluded the round by closing and throwing the Champion. The Moor was now convinced that, if he did win, he must do it off hand, as his sight was much impaired.

Thirty-first. The exertion of this last round operated most forcibly upon Molineaux, and he appeared much distressed on quitting his second, and was soon *levelled* by a blow in the throat, which Cribb very neatly put in.

Thirty-second. It was almost who should—strength was fast leaving both the combatants—they staggered against each other like inebriated men, and fell without exchanging a blow.

Thirty-third. To the astonishment of every spectator, Molineaux rallied with strength enough to bore his man down; but both their *hits* were of more *show* than effect.

Thirty-fourth. This was the last round that might be termed fighting, in which Molineaux had materially the worst of it; but the battle was continued to the 39th, when Cribb evidently appeared the best man, and, at its conclusion, the Moor *for the first time, complained* that "HE COULD FIGHT NO MORE!" but his seconds, who viewed the NICETY OF THE POINT, persuaded him to try the *chance* of another round, to which request he acquiesced, when he fell from weakness, reflecting additional credit on the manhood of his brave CONQUEROR, TOM CRIBB.

[To be continued.]

THE RING.

Fight between John Keefe and William Franklin, for £25 a side.

This "passage of arms," which has been for some time on the *tapis*, came off on Tuesday, and was brought to a fair and honourable conclusion; for although the battle, in point of excellence, did not come up to the expectations of the Fancy, still there can be no doubt that the best man gained the victory. The men are both comparative novices in the prize ring. The present was Keefe's third appearance, his first tournay having been with an outsider named Cash, and his second with the *valliant* Bos Tyler, who although he had 2 to 1 the best of the contest, literally ran out of the ring, amidst the loud and deep execrations of his partisans. Franklin is backed from that now most unpugilistic portion of the metropolis, Chelsea, and has once before made a display of his prowess within the twenty-four feet square, by meeting the once famous Hill, the "Chelsea Doctor," by whom he was vanquished. For the present contest the lads were confined to 9st 4lb, and, according to agreement, they went to scale on Monday at Mr. Abbot's, the Coach and Horses, Chelsea, when they were found to be well within the stipulated weight, there not being more than a pound difference between them. An aquatic excursion having been arranged, the Waterman No. 5 was engaged for the accommodation of Keefe and his East End patrons, while the Sons of the Thames was chartered by Franklin and his admirers. The weather was splendid, and Long Reach was attained after the usual stoppages. A ring was quickly formed by the commissary and his son Fred, and the youths at once entered the arena. Keefe, attended by Jack Grant and George Brown, and Franklin waited upon by the Spider and Joe Rowe. Keefe was the favourite at 6 to 4, and finally at 2 to 1, these odds being freely taken by the Chelsea party. Both lads were in prime condition, and both were equally confident. There was an immense muster of spectators, but, owing to the exertions of the ring-keepers, excellent order was preserved throughout.

THE FIGHT.—Round 1. The attitudes of the heroes were good, but still there was nothing that showed the accomplished master of the art; Keefe had the advantage in height and length. Little time was wasted in sparring. Keefe at once dashed to his man, who was equally ready; a ding-dong rally took place, in which many blows were exchanged without much precision, but with considerable force. Keefe appeared to have the best of the hitting, catching his opponent heavily on the nob. In the struggle both were down, Keefe under.

2. Keefe at once commenced business, betraying great impatience to open the ball; he let fly left and right, but out of distance; he tried again; got his right heavily home on the ribs, and this led to another bustling rally, in favour of Keefe. At length they got to the ropes, where Franklin dropped.

3. Keefe first up and at it, led off with his left on Franklin's *occiput*, and then with his right on the body. Franklin appeared to have no notion of stopping, but merely hit away in return. He caught Keefe on the top of the nut, and received a heavy crack on the left ogle in return, drawing *first blood*. A close and struggle followed, when Franklin backheeled his man, and fell on him.

4. Keefe again took the lead, planted his left on the nob, and as Franklin retreated followed him to the ropes, where he caught him heavily on the ribs with his right, and after a slight tussle for the fall, both went down.

5. Keefe went to his man, planted both hands with effect on the knowledge box. Franklin attempted to return, but was very wild, and missed his opponent. They then closed, and in coming to the earth the Chelsea heroe was under.

6. No sooner did Keefe approach his man, than the latter let fly, but missed. Keefe instantly went to work with his right on the ribs, which led to some half-arm fighting in favour of Keefe, Franklin's blows appearing to lack force. In the struggle for the fall both were down.

7. Keefe commenced the attack, planted his left on the nob and his right on the ribs, without a return. A scrambling rally followed, in which Franklin fought his way to a close, getting the lion's share of the punishment. After a short struggle both were down together.

8. Keefe was short in his first attempt, but, on the men getting close together, a merry bout took place, in which Franklin drew claret from Jack's mouth, but received severe punishment about the body in return. In the end both were down.

9. Keefe rattled to his man, and, after some heavy exchanges, in favour of Keefe, both were down; Keefe under.

10 to 28 and last. It would be tedious to our readers to go into a detail of the remaining rounds that were fought. Such a one-sided affair is not often seen in the P. R. Keefe had the lead, kept it, punished his man as he liked, and scarcely received a return. Franklin appeared to have no notion of hitting, stopping, or getting away, and at length, at the end of the 28th round, his seconds, seeing he had not the ghost of a chance, gave in for him, after fighting 29 minutes.

Keefe has much improved since he fought Tyler, but there is yet much to be learned before he can hope to reach the top of the tree in his profession. He is yet very young, however, and, being a very game, resolute fellow, we doubt not he will in time gain the position at which he aims. Franklin, we fear, is never destined to shine in the P. R. He has mistaken his vocation, and the sooner he turns his attent on to something else the better. The money is to be given to Keefe at Mr. Vassar's, Green Dragon, Halfmoon-street, Bishopsgate, on Tuesday next.

HUDSON AND SPARROW, £10 A SIDE.—This was a second fight in the same ring between two novices, Tom Hudson and Harry Sparrow. Hudson had never before entered the magic circle, but Sparrow had fought one Reed for a small stake, and had been unsuccessful. They were confined to 9st 2lb in weight, but Sparrow did not exceed 8st 6lb, while his adversary was within a pound of the stipulated weight. Hudson was assisted by Harry Orme and Woody; while Hazeltine and Hicks esquired "the Sparrow." Hudson looked a giant by the side of his adversary. He is a fine young fellow, and the odds were freely offered in his favour. Like all novices, he was anxious and excited at the commencement, but, after the first few rounds, got steady to his work, and a tremendous fight ensued. Hudson delivered very heavily with both hands, Sparrow occasionally countering him severely. At the end of fifteen rounds it was clearly Hudson's fight, Sparrow getting weak through punishment; he refused to give in, however, but continued to face his man with undaunted bravery, until at length, in the twenty-second round, he received a heavy fall, which rendered him deaf to the call of time. The battle lasted thirty minutes.—As a novice Hudson astonished his friends completely; he is one of the hardest hitters that has been seen for some time, and bids fair to be a star in the fistic firmament. Sparrow, although seriously punished about the nut, proved himself such a thorough glutton that all must be satisfied that he did his best, and, we have no doubt, a subscription will be raised to console him for his defeat. The money is to be given to Hudson, at Mr. Coker's, Weavers Arms, Edward-street, Kingsland-road, on Tuesday evening next.

The Championship.

THE MATCH OFF.—RETIREMENT OF HARRY BROOME.—We have received a letter from Harry Broome, in which he states that, after many hard battles in the P. R. and with the world, he is at length launched in a thriving and improving business, which occupies his whole time and attention, amongst a class of customers who require his constant presence; and he has, therefore, found it expedient to retire from the Ring. His sudden retirement he justifies in the following manner:—Firstly, he fears that the Betting Houses Bill will prohibit any one from holding the stakes in a fight, and thus, after all the training, he anticipates that the match would come to nought. Secondly, his business, for which he gave a large sum, and to which he looks for his future support, is what he must look to as the main chance; and he has received an intimation that, if the match goes on with the Slasher, he will not obtain his license—the magistrates having made up their minds to refuse it, unless he gives up all connexion with the Ring. Under these circumstances, he does not know what he can do except forfeit the £20 down, and thus avoid the risk of being ruined by the loss of his license, which he has not yet obtained. He says, he places the Championship in our hands, to do with it as we please; he does not consider any one entitled to it, who does not fight for it; and he is prepared to give a silver cup (presented to him as champion) to the winner of any future combat for the honour—to be held as a floating trophy until the person to whom it is presented shall in his turn be vanquished or retire. He requests us to return his sincere thanks to the public, and especially to those friends who promised to stand money in the match with the Slasher, and who patronised him in the fight with Orme. He bids the Ring and its members farewell; but expresses his intention always to assist any unfortunate pugilist, and to spar at the benefits of deserving men. The £20 staked by him in our hands now belong to the Slasher, who, if he is still anxious to make another appearance in the P. R., must look out for a fresh customer. We think, in retiring at this juncture, Broome at least shows considerable wisdom, as we have elsewhere heard that, had the match gone on, the loss of his license would have been the probable result.

Fights to come.

Aug. 23.—Sims and Parker—£25 a side, London.
Sept. 5.—Hall and Tootell—£15 a side, Nottingham.
—— 6.—Hicks and Unwin—£25 a side, London.
—— 27.—Bowers and Trainor—£25 a side, London.
Oct. 18.—Nat Langham and Tom Sayers—£100 a side, London.
Nov. 11.—Hazletine and Georges Brown—£50 a side, London.

Great Sport among the Cordwainers.

Great Pegging Match at North Danvers.—On Thursday, August 4th, Alexander Steele and John J. Bunker, on a wager of $25, pegged one hundred and sixty pairs of women's spring-heeled shoes—working ten hours—Steele pegging 82 pairs, and Bunker 78 pairs; Steele's being at the rate of 8 1-5 pairs per hour, driving upwards of 35 pegs per minute, and Bunker 7 4-5 per hour, or more than 34 pegs per minute—together driving 41,920 pegs in ten hours. Though Bunker did not quite equal his opponent in the *number* of pairs, in the *execution* of the work he excelled. The last part of the work was performed while the blood was oozing from their fingers' ends, notwithstanding which, Bunker performed the usual amount of labor the following day.

YACHTING.

EXCITING SAILING MATCHES.

The Yacht Squadron Regatta at Cowes.

Defeat of the American Yacht Sylvie by six minutes and thirty-eight and a half seconds.—Mr. Depau's challenge for another contest.

From the London Chronicle, August 22.

The cup presented by the Royal Yacht Squadron, open to yachts of all nations, was sailed for on Friday last at Cowes, and the interest which was excited on this occasion almost surpassed that evinced when the celebrated clipper, the America, bore away the palm in such style from all competitors. To the liberality of the Royal Yacht Squadron, in presenting this annual prize, we are greatly indebted for the stimulus that has for the last two years taken place in yachting.

On this occasion two foreign vessels were induced to enter—the Sylvie, an American clipper, which is said to have beaten everything in her waters, including a conqueror of the far-famed America, and the Aurora Borealis, a Swedish craft, from which great exploits were anticipated. The Sverige having become the property of an English gentleman, not a member of a royal club, was disqualified.

The following yachts were entered:—

	Tons.
Aurora Borealis (Swede)	250 Capt. Beckmen.
Alarm	248 Mr. Joseph Weld.
Sylvie (American)	205 Mr. L. A. Depau.
Julia	111 Mr. W. Peareth.
Arrow	102 T. Chamberlayne.
Aurora	60 T. Le Marchant.
Osprey	59 Lt. Cl R. W. Huey.

The course was from the Club House to the Nab Light, and from thence fifteen miles to sea, round a steamer, and back to the starting post.

Precisely at eleven the signal for starting was fired, and in a moment the Julia began to feel the breeze, which was blowing tolerably fresh from west-southwest, and she took a lead on the first of the ebb tide. The Sylvie soon set her mainsail, and was well under weigh, taking slightly the lead of the Aurora Borealis, Arrow, Julia, and Aurora. At 11h. 23 m., when nearly abreast of Osborne House, the Aurora Borealis, who had been holding a good wind, challenged the Sylvie, and an exciting race ensued between them. Shortly after passing Osborne, the Aurora, now lying close to the wind, met with a most unfortunate accident, by carring away her topmast, which had the effect of at once putting her at considerable odds against her rivals. The Arrow, Julia, and the American were well up together off Ryde, but the wind now freshening, the Alarm emerged from the position she had hitherto been in, and took the lead Off the No-Man Buoy we timed them as follows:—

	H. M. S.
Alarm	12 12 0
Julia	12 13 10
Aurora Borealis	12 13 50
Arrow	12 14 50

The Sylvie and Osprey were close together, but half a mile astern. But little change of position took place in the course to the Nab Light, which was passed as under:—

	H. M. S.
Alarm	12 33 3½
Julia	12 34 3-½
Aurora Borealis	12 35 55
Sylvie	12 37 7
Arrow	12 38 32½
Osprey	12 39 1½

The Aurora was not timed. From this point the whole squadron were close-hauled, and it was now supposed that the American would at any rate exhibit those extraordinary powers report had assigned to her. At 1h. 6m. she set her jibtopsail, but when off White Cliff, at 1h. 10m 15s. the Julia weathered her in gallant style, the Arrow and Alarm being well together. A series of fine manœuvring now followed between the Swede and American, for at 1h. 20m., when off Sandown, the Swede weathered the American. The wind, that had been blowing fresh from the time of passing the No-Man Buoy, now dropped, and when off Shanklin Bay, at 1h. 31m., a fine trial of skill took place; for in coming about from her tack, the Sylvie weathered the Aurora Borealis in a style that excited admiration, and it was now even thought she might turn out to be worthy of her fame.

At seven minutes past three o'clock, the required distance of eighteen miles from the Nab Light to sea having been run, the steam vessel, on board of which were the committee of the squadron, amongst whom were Lord Exmouth, Captain Smith Barry, Andrew Fontaine, Esq., J. Gordon, Esq., &c., and the sailing committee, consisting of Richard Frankland, Esq., and Captain W. B. Ponsonby, was brought to anchor, the bearings by compass being St. Catharine's Lighthouse north by east a quarter east, and the Needles Rock north and west. In the progress to the steamer, in consequence of the very great drop in the wind, the Alarm had fallen considerably astern, the Julia maintaining the lead against the Sylvie, who made a desperate effort to overhaul her, but all in vain. The two vessels containing the latest embodiments of the science and modern improvements of England and America were now fairly pitted against each other. When it is known that Nicholls, the captain of the Mosquito, had charge of the Julia for the day, with some of the crew of that successful yacht, no doubt whatever could exist that the advantage of his superior handling would tell fearfully against her American opponent. She had it all her own way, running away from her, as did the old Arrow, as will be seen by the following statement of the times, at which the steamboat was rounded:—

Continued on 4th page.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

HOME MATTERS.

THE RING IN NEW YORK.

(Reported expressly for the Clipper.)

Morrissy and Sullivan.

THE MATCH MADE.

Stakes $1,000 a side.

First Deposit of $250 a side put up.

The Battle to take place on Wednesday, October 12th, 1853.

This much talked of match, which has created considerable excitement in the sporting community, has at length progressed so far as to render it a matter of certainty. As we have before stated, Morrissy, after his victory over Thompson, (the trainer of Hyer) in California, returned to New York, where he has remained up to the present time. On his arrival here, with his laurels from the California battle, he at once became quite a lion among the pugilistic fraternity, and it was not long before a spirit of jealousy began to show itself, and an effort made to draw Morrissy into the arena for a battle. A man named Daly, not of much experience in the pugilistic ring, was brought forward, as one well calculated to meet the California Champion in combat. A public challenge was given by Daly, if we remember rightly, and at one time it seemed probable that a match would be the result. However, events subsequently transpired which changed the aspect of affairs, and another competitor for the honors took the place of Daly. It appears that a number of sporting gentlemen were assembled at a public house in Broadway one evening in the latter part of last spring. Among those present were James Sullivan, commonly called Yankee Sullivan, and Mr. John Morrissy, the Champion of California. During the evening, the merits of sundry bottles of wine were discussed by the gentlemen present, as well as the merits of certain pugilists. As the wine began to work, the tongue began to work, and after some angry remarks had passed between Sullivan and Morrissy, a clinch ensued and some blows were struck, Sullivan's face showing a few marks of the conflict. The friends of both parties interfered, and the combatants were separated, but not until after a challenge had been given by one, and accepted by the other.

Thus far matters had progressed. On the announcement being made that Sullivan and Morrissy were matched for a battle, considerable interest was manifested throughout the city, and every little incident connected with the affair was sought after with avidity. It had been agreed that the first deposit should take place on Thursday evening, September 1st, 1853. Many persons considered the whole affair a hoax, and that nothing would come of it. The friends of Sullivan seemed to doubt that Morrissy would be on hand at the appointed time, supposing, very likely, that he did not mean to engage in any contest with Sullivan. The friends of Morrissy had but little to say upon the subject, though they were not all asleep, as had been supposed.

On Thursday last an advertisement appeared in the New York Herald, over the signature of Sullivan, calling attention to the fact that he would be on hand that evening to settle the business in regard to the proposed match. The place selected for making the match was an out of the way porter house, somewhere in the lower part of the city, the attendants of the house being too intent in handing out to customers something resembling liquor, to give any satisfactory answer to any one except those patronising the liquor bar. The bar room, and sidewalks in front of the house were pretty well filled with persons anxious to catch a glimpse of the lions, and they were not long in waiting. About 8 o'clock Sullivan made his appearance, and at once became the grand object of attraction. The bar was deserted, though that was not to be wondered at, considering *all* things. In about 20 minutes after the arrival of Sullivan, Morrissy made his appearance, and soon found himself pretty well surrounded by a dense mass of humans. Morrissy meaning business did not remain in the bar-room long, but at once signified his readiness to arrange the matters for which they had assembled. The two opponents with their respective friends immediately proceeded to a room up stairs, where the match was made and the first instalment of money deposited.

The articles of agreement are about the same as those used in the English ring, and which we published a few weeks since.

The stakes to be fought for are one thousand dollars a side.

The first deposit, $250 a side, was made.

The time fixed for the fight is the 12th of October next.

The settlement of the arrangements passed off without the least disturbance of any kind whatever, and the assemblage, immediately after the result had been announced, quietly dispersed, leaving the bar in the quiet possession of its keepers, who no doubt felt sadly grieved at the speedy manner in which matters had been settled, leaving them without further business for the "balance of the season." We do not know how this strange place was chosen for the business.

The next deposit, we understand, will be made at the house of Mr. Schaffer, in Broadway, where the accommodations are good, and the attendants gentlemanly.

WAGERS OFFERED.

After the deposit had been made by the above named men, Sullivan offered to bet Morrissy $50 that he would draw first blood, Sullivan generally having the luck to obtain this advantage in his battles. Morrissy did not seem inclined to accept the wager, but immediately offered to wager Sullivan $1000 to $800 that he (Morrissy) would win the fight. The wager was not accepted, however, and the parties separated.

THE MEN IN TRAINING.

The men having but a short time to prepare for the great struggle, immediately made all their arrangements for going through a regular course of training, and on Saturday last, both parties with their trainers proceeded to their respective training grounds. Sullivan has selected a spot on the Plank Road, Long Island, and Morrissy will go through his exercises at McComb's Dam.

THE TARGET SEASON.

OPENING OF THE BALL.

McQueen Guard.

This company of young men, Volunteers of Neptune Eng. Co., No. 2, have had several street drills, and in every drill numbered about 110 members. They are under the efficient command of Christopher Dowdle, Captain; John Conners, 1st Lieutenant; William Kent, 2d; Jerry Lyons, 3d; and 10 other Lieutenants. They proceed to Harlem on Monday, the 12th of September, and will contend for 65 prizes, which have been handed in, and 27 in expectancy, among which we find a gold watch and chain, three twenty dollar gold pieces, and four silver cake baskets. Their target is well decorated; a rooster or game cock, of the first water, is painted on the target, with the following motto above:—"*While I live I'll crow.*" On the return of the Guards from their excursion, they wind up by giving a grand invitation ball at the Gothic Hall. We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to participate, and shall endeavor to be present.

Forty Acre Guards.

This company made a fine turn-out on Monday last. A number of beautiful prizes were contended for.

Cumming's Guard.

The Cumming's Guard will make their Second Annual Excursion to-day, Thursday, Sept 8. Mr. Gooderson's grounds, at Flushing, have been selected for the target exercises. Ryel's fine band will accompany the Guards. The Cumming's Guard, we have no doubt, will make a fine turn-out.

We acknowledge, with thanks, an invitation to take part in the pleasures of the day.

Washington Guards.

This Company intend going on their Annual Target Excursion on Monday next, 12th inst. The company will proceed to Tarrytown, and return to the city at an early hour in the evening.

Thanks for a kind invitation to be present.

Notice to Target Companies.

We have just located our office at No. 150 Fulton St., where target companies will please address their communications.

We have received a number of invitations to accompany the different companies on their excursions. Could we find time, we should be pleased to accompany each and every one, but we would request one of the officers or members of each company to favor us with an outline of the incidents of their excursions, for which we shall feel obliged. Give us the following information, and the full account will be written out by the editor.

1.—Name of the company, and when formed.
2.—Style of dress.
3.—Names of officers
4.—Number of muskets.
5.—Place of exercise.
6.—List of prizes.
7.—List of successful shots.
8.—Name of band.

Those companies which have already had their excursions, would do well to send us the particulars, as we wish, if possible, to obtain a complete list for publication in the CLIPPER. Companies about to go on target excursions can have the announcement made by sending a notice to this office.

THE TURF.

Trotting at Union Course, L. I.

Thursday, Sept. 1.—Purse and stake $500. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

S. McLaughlin named b. m. Lady Moscow	1	1	1
H. Jones named g. g Vermont	2	2	2

Time: 2:35—2:32½—2:32½.

Trotting Match for $1000 on Union Course.

A spirited trotting match came off on Tuesday, at the Union Course, for a wager of $1,000. The contest was between s g. "Selim," named by J. Woodruff, and g m. "Lady Vernon," named by T. Pfifer—mile heats, the best three in five, in harness. Owing to the intense heat, the trotting was not commenced until late in the afternoon: this was satisfactory to all parties, The betting was lively on "Lady Vernon" during the first heat, and then two to one was offered and taken by a few persons respecting "Selim." The three judges having taken possession of the stand, the steeds were called, and started with the word "Go." The following is the time made by "Lady Vernon," which horse won two successive heats:—

First quarter mile . . . . . thirty nine seconds
First half mile . . . . . one minute fortysix seconds
The mile . . . . . two minutes thirty-two seconds

Second Heat.—This mile was accomplished in two minutes and thirty eight seconds, and the chances looked dubious for 'Selim."

Here there was some half an hour's delay in getting ready for the third heat, and finally the audience were disappointed, as the race fell through, in a manner that is said to be unprecedented in the history of the track. It appears that "Lady Vernon" was taken sick at the end of the second heat, and the owner, Mr. Somerindike, would not risk the life of his animal to go another heat, and he announced to the judges the following:—

"Gentlemen, my horse is taken sick and we have agreed to draw the race."

Voices—"You cannot do that; it cannot be permitted."

Mr. Irwin, owner of the horse "Selim," appeared in front of the stand, and said: "The other horse is sick, and upon request of the owner, I consented to withdraw the race." Both horses then left the track, and the judges unanimously decided *that there was no race*, and all bets made outside, on either of the horses, should be withdrawn. The decision was final, and all parties immediately left the Course.

Centreville Course, L. I.

A great trot will take place to-day, Thursday, at 3 o'clock, P. M., on the Centreville Course, L. I., for a purse of $250, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. The following horses are entered:

J. NODINE enters, r. g. Centrewille.
D. PFIFER enters g. m., Lady Vernon.
S. MCLOUGHLIN enters s. m., Green Mountain Maid.

There are many races to come off at the Union and Centreville Courses this Fall, which will be more fully announced in due time.

Age of Lady Suffolk.

We take great pleasure in at last being able to give the true age of Lady Suffolk (the nonpareil of the Turf) to our readers, the owners having in the kindest manner given us the following particulars. There having been so many different statements of the press, that it was never known which was correct. The following we can vouch for:

Lady Suffolk was sired by Engineer 2d, and out of a mare that was sired by Don Quixote, and he by old imported Messenger. Engineer 2d was sired by Engineer 1st, and out of a mare that was got by Plato, and he by old imported Messenger.

Suffolk County, State of New York, ss.: Leonard W. Lawrence, being duly affirmed, doth depose and say, that the celebrated trotting mare Lady Suffolk, formerly owned and trotted by David Bryant, now deceased, was foaled the property of said deponent in the spring of one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three, (1833) at Smithtown, L. I.

L. W. LAWRENCE.

Subscribed and affirmed to this 24th day of October, 1851, before me.

ORLANDO H. GARDINER,
Justice of the Peace.

Trotting at Portland.

Wednesday, Aug. 24, 1853.—Purse of $500, between Lady Vernon and Lady Litchfield, at Ling's Course, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, which resulted as follows:—

Mr. Mace's so. m. Lady Litchfield, 2 1 2 1 1
D. Puffer's g. m. Lady Vernon 1 2 1 2 drawn.

Time: 2:40—2:40—2:39—2:40.

Trotting at Washington.

Saturday, Aug. 28, 1853.—Match for $150, between Scottie, of Philadelphia, to a skeleton wagon, and Trenton, of Washington, to a sulky. The day being pleasant a large collection of spectators, and intensely excited ones, too, were early on the ground. Admittance, 50 cents to the track and stand. This Scottie, about which so much is now said, is a distinguished stranger, having won all the races since its arrival in Washington. Even Trenton, with Revolutionary glories lingering round the name, could not triumph on Saturday. Heats one mile and repeat. Time: 2:53 and 2:58, according to our information, but not observation. It is said that Scottie is to be put up for raffle—a hundred chances at $10 each. After a while the Philadelphia trotting patrons will probably bring on another horse to beat Scottie.

Death of Polly Brown.—Racing.

A letter, dated Philadelphia, Aug. 28th, says:—

"Our noble pet is no more, and believe me, sir, it is a great loss to the sporting community in and around this city. Polly was matched again against Flaxy, to run 300 yards for $200; also against the Kennett Square roan horse for $600, 500 yards; and Diana was ready to bind a race of 500 yards; but, as you will see, we are "knocked concave." Everything went along as merry as a marriage bell until last Monday. At about 4 o'clock in the morning Mr. Ingram went into the stable, and found the door had been broken open. Polly appeared to be very much distressed; he sent for physicians, who pronounced it a case of poison. They did all in their power to save her, but in vain; she died Wednesday morning, at 2 o'clock.

"In conclusion I would say, that the race between Mr. Brown's mare Mary, and Mr. Middleton's roan Poll, did not come off last Thursday, on account of Poll paying the forfeit. I merely mention this for the disappointed to read.

CAROLINE COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Friday, August. 19, 1853.—Match for $600, catch weight, 500 yards.

P. J. Middleton's b. m. Roan Poll . 1
Hoffland & Collins' ch. h. Prairie Jim 2

Time not stated. Won by 20 feet.

The knowing ones were badly taken down this time—it being one of those sure things that slip up sometimes.

I am, sir, yours, G. W. B.

THE GREAT HORSE RACE THAT DIDN'T COME OFF AT COHASSET.—"*Sweepstakes" withdrawn, his owner forfeiting five bottles of Spruce Beer.* The great match between the celebrated nags Sweepstakes and Rosenante, was to have come off on Saturday last. But as the owner of Sweepstakes mizzled, bolted, dove, took the water and backed down, thousands of the lovers of the sports of the turf were sadly disappointed.

The race was to have been mile heats, best three in five, to harness, against time. Bets were offered freely by the friends of Sweepstakes, that (providing he was driven towards Perry's) he would go to the mile in 17:12. Notwithstanding the heavy forfeiture, the injured feelings, &c., of the friends of Sweepstakes, his owner ignominiously backed down; and, in our opinion, he not only deserves the highest censure from the ladies, who have heretofore looked upon him as a man of dauntless courage, but he deserves it from the many friends who came so near placing him in our legislative halls at the last election.

Yacht Challenge.

We find the following in a Canada paper. Who'll take it?

"The owners of the Kingston yacht *Prima Donna* challenge any craft in America to sail against her, on or after the 1st prox., for a stake of £25 to £150. Particulars to be had at the "*Chronicle and News Office*," Kingston, Canada.

The Geneva Regatta.

[*Correspondence of the Albany Journal.*]

September 2.—The regatta yesterday attracted a large crowd of people, but the lake was nearly calm, and no interest could be got up until towards the close, when a breeze came to the relief of all parties. Twelve boats were entered. The distance run was about twelve miles, making the Island Queen, from Springport, the victor. She took the first prize, the silver pitcher; the Blue Bell, from Skaneateles, the second, the Flying Cloud, from Seneca Falls, the third; and the Cayuga Chief, from Skaneateles, the fourth.

To-day has been beautiful, and a fresh breeze from the south made the trial for a purse of $400 one of great excitement. The contesting yachts were the Blue Bell and the Flying Cloud. The former led a long distance at the outset, but the last few miles the latter gained rapidly on the former, and both came up to the stake boat "neck and neck." The Flying Cloud, in the estimation of all, is entitled to the purse, but who shall take it the judges have not yet decided.

Cricket.

A Challenge.—Eleven gentlemen of the New York Club will be happy to meet a similar number of the St. George's at an early day.

Cricket.

New York Club vs. *St. George's.*—The return match takes place on Wednesday and Thursday of this week, at the ground of the former at Hoboken. Both clubs are prepared for the contest, so that a spirited and well contested game must follow.

The following named gentlemen will appear as the champions of their respective clubs:—

NEW YORK CLUB.	ST. GEORGE'S CLUB.
Messrs. Sams,	Messrs. Comery.
Cuyp,	R. Walker,
Marsh,	J. Wright,
Dockery,	Bingham,
Harvey,	Burnett,
Fletcher,	Hindhaugh,
Castle,	Syme,
Spring,	Blackburn,
Sharp,	Dixon,
Ranney.	White,
Wilson,	Emmet,

We shall give a full and accurate report of the game in our next.

JACKSON AND FROST.—The match between the above "celebrities," to run a mile, for £10 a side, was, unfortunately, through an error of the printer, set down to take place on Monday last, instead of Tuesday, over Maxfield's mile, at Slough, and, consequently, induced a large number of persons to attend on the former day, among whom were many of the officers from Windsor. On Tuesday the men appeared at the scratch. By the conditions of the race, Frost, having to receive 25 yards start, was placed that distance in advance of his little and determined adversary, who, with that "cat-like expression" for which he is noted, watched every movement on the part of Frost to obtain a start, which, after little or no delay, was accomplished, both leaving the crease at the same moment. Frost strained every nerve to improve his given advantage, but with no visible success, for Jackson, who appeared to run with his usual elastic step and self-confident air, overhauled him in the first five hundred yards, ran with him a short distance, then went ahead, and ultimately ran in an easy winner by 300 yards, Frost relinquishing the contest that distance from the goal. Time 4min 53sec. The winner can have the stakes at our office, on Monday, at 1 o'clock.

Olden Times

Fifty years ago this present season, Mr. Isaiah Thurber, of Utica, says the Gazette, conveyed the only mail there was from Cooperstown and Cherry Valley to Albany, once a week, taking four days for the same, in the spring and fall on horseback, in the summer in a two-horse covered wagon, he being a lad then only fourteen years of age. This shows some progress in our State in that brief space of time.

There are many things that are thorns to our hopes until we have attained them, and envenomed arrows to our hearts when we have.

Almost every man wastes part of his life in attempts to display qualities which he does not possess, and to gain applause which he cannot keep.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1853.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor. | FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

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FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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THE SKIPPER'S CABIN.

A Talk with our Friends at Home and Abroad

Answers to Correspondents.

The correct and inimitable style in which we have heretofore answered the interrogatories of our correspondents, has been the means of bringing in upon us rather more questions than we have the leisure at present to answer. However, determined not to be behind our happy brethren of the Sabbath press, we shall hereafter devote a small space for the enlightenment of all those who wish to ask us "conundrums and such things." We think we can satisfy everybody that we are hard to beat in finding out things, even if we have to guess at them. Here is the dose for this week:—

Jeemes.—Who was it killed Cock Robin?

This is a question which has puzzled much older heads than ours, and yet it has never been satisfactorily explained. Our superior wisdom, however, combined with a memory unparalelled in the annals of the Christian era, furnishes us with what we believe to be the only correct answer. The name of the ancient work wherein we first discovered the solution of this knotty question we have forgotten, yet the question, and answer accompanying it, are as follows:—

Quest.—Who killed Cock Robin?

Ans.—I, said the Sparrow, with my bow and arrow. *I killed Cock Robin!*

The reader will perceive the fearlessness with which the Sparrow acknowledges his guilt. He does not seem to dread any evil results from it. He must have been on intimate terms with the judges who ruled in those days, and who, he felt convinced, would suffer no injury to befall him; just like the law is at the present time. Is Jeemes satisfied?

A Constant Reader.—Who struck Billy Patterson?

Our correspondents seem determined to corner us this week by their puzzling questions. *We can't be caught*, however, mark that. But to the question—Who struck Billy Patterson? In the first place, we deny that Billy *was* struck; and in the second place we declare, most emphatically, that there *never was* such a person as Billy Patterson! To the proof—If Billy Patterson *was* struck, who witnessed the cowardly act? That's the question? First prove to us that William received a blow, then will we be prepared to search the records in the City Hall for the answer. But not till then. After that has been done will we prove to the satisfaction of every constant reader that Billy Patterson never did and never can exist. Thus much for this week; equally difficult questions shall be answered in our next.

* * * * * * *

A Sporting Lot.—We know of no place where a person can spend a more agreeable evening than at some of our auction stores. An auctioneer, a few evenings since, in disposing of some household utensils, denominated the following as a *sporting lot*:—a squirt, a rolling-pin, two thimbles, a Dutch oven, a mustard-pot, a tamborine, a German tooth-pick, two jewsharps, and a French hurdy-gurdy.

* * * * * * *

Little Katy, or Hot Corn.—The sum of $75 cash having been offered, by some speculator, for the best song on the above subject, we determined to enter the lists for the prize, fearlessly resolving to win it, or ——— lose it in the attempt. The following is the result of our efforts, after three days and nights of incessant labor with the pen:—

There was a little girl, and Cath'rine was her name,
Yet they called her "little Katy," cause 'twas shorter;
Poor Katy had no mother, likewise she had no father,
And the people used to wonder where she come from with her
Hot corn, hot corn.

One clear and balmy night, when the rain was falling fast,
And the people all a hurryin' from their work,
Reclining on the curb-stone, right in front of the Tribune office,
Spied we this little Katy, while she cried so very violently,
Hot corn, hot corn.

The rain it rained upon her, for the Tribune awning was so small,
And this Katy darling had no umberella;
Yet her feet was in the gutter, and she seemed to have much fun,
For she looked into the office, yet she did'nt sell a cent's worth of
Hot corn, hot corn.

Our eyes they was a swimmin' (for the awning leaked very fast),
As we cast a glance upon that little Katy;
And we searched into our waistcoat-pocket until we found a penny,
Which we handed to that little orphan for a year of
Hot corn, hot corn.

She handed us the year, which was fully worth a cent,
Without counting the butter, salt and pepper,
And we wondered how she could afford to sell so very cheap,
While the price of provisions was so unusually high for
Hot corn, hot corn.

We called this orphan to us, when we had eaten of the year,
For we knew she could'nt refuse after we had spent that cent;
And while we smoothed her hair, which was soaking with the wet,
We very kindly expressed ourself thus—"Who do you belong to?" with your
Hot corn, hot corn.

The tears fell from her nose, but she had no pocket hankercher,
Yet this did not bother her for a minute;
For she gently raised her arm, with the sleeve that was upon it,
And sadly drew it o'er her weeping organ, as she said—
Hot corn, hot corn.

"I don't belong to nobody, for I was born a orphan,
Yet they tell me I look like somebody in that office;
So I sets upon the curb-stone, from six till twelve o'clock,
And I never says nothing to nobody but
Hot corn, hot corn.

We gazed into that office, and one man did look like little Katy,
And we wondered if he was the author of that lonely orphan:
Yet our thoughts they overcome us, and our heart began to break,
As we recollected the cent we had expended for a year of
Hot corn, hot corn.

And thus we left the spot, yet took a lingering look
At the Tribune, at the curbstone, and the orphan,
With her feet all in the gutter, as she made a mighty splutter,
And that's the last we saw of Katy and her
Hot corn, hot corn.

We would like to have the $75 as soon as possible, for we have a great many little orphans depending upon our living for their support. It was impossible to make the lines rhyme well, yet they come pretty near it. It will go very well to the tune of "the other side of Jordan," with a few alterations.

"They haint got no votes."

The many efforts which have been made in this city for the relief of the duped and destituted Chinese, have thus far proved unsuccessful. Why is this? Are they not as deserving of charity as any other class of people? Most certainly. But it must be borne in mind that assistance is not generally rendered because the party receiving is deserving of it, but because the givers expect by their charity to make a high-sounding name for themselves, which shall prove of immense advantage to them in all future times. But in the case of the poor Chinese the case is far different. "They haint got no votes." There are not enough of them to be of any use even if they had votes. This is the grand secret of the indifference of our citizens to the wants of those destitute strangers, who are now begging, yes, actually begging the Americans not to make paupers of them, but to loan them a small sum so as to enable them to reach their wives and children in their own far-off homes, full thousands of miles away. There is but very little *real* charity in the world. We did think the influence of the New York Herald was sufficient to have been the means of raising an amount of material aid to carry the strangers home, but we begin to think that the though not very refined influence of the Herald, to use a familiar phrase, "is not what it's cracked up to be."

"Pity the sorrows of the poor Chinese."

"The High Price of Provisions."

It is a settled fact that the "prices of provisions are unusally high," and it is also a fact that one great cause of this is owing to the very large addition to our population, consequent upon the attractions of the Crystal Palace, &c. Yet there is another cause of which our housekeepers have but a very slight knowledge. Of late the producers from the country have been compelled to leave the markets, with their wagons, at 7 o'clock, A. M. Very few housekeepers can manage to attend market at that early hour, and it follows that the speculators, ever on the look-out for bargains monopolise the whole trade with the country folks, the latter preferring to sell at any price rather than carry their produce back again. The speculators having secured a good stock at a very low price, at once occupy the space just vacated by the country people, and having the whole of the business, in their own hands, charge enormous prices, which the housekeeper and real consumer are compelled to pay, or go away without their marketing. This is the actual cause of the great increase in the prices of provisions, and as long as the country producers are driven from the markets at such an early hour, thus giving speculators the opportunity to bleed the people just so long will our citizens have to pay nearly double prices for the common necessaries of life.

Office of the Clipper.

We have secured an office, at No. 150 Fulton street, up stairs, where orders will be received, and punctually attended to. All communications intended for the New York Clipper must hereafter be addressed as above; and those persons having business with the proprietor, or editor, will have no difficulty in obtaining access. The great increase in our business rendered it absolutely necessary that we should have an office, and now we hope to give satisfaction to all our patrons. Don't forget, No. 150 Fulton street.

Caution—Gift Concerts.

We have a few words of advice to give our people, relative to a new species of gagging about to be introduced into our city. We allude to the gift concert, advertised in some of the daily papers. Reading the advertisement, we cannot help feeling something will be done, or at least that some of our citizens will be "done." Everything is described so beautifully, and the prizes are so magnificent *on paper*, that the scheme is well calculated to entice hundreds and thousands of our citizens to try their hand at the game. But, be careful; don't bite too readily at the gilded bait, or you may regret it. These things have been tried in other cities, but as yet we have to learn of their being of any benefit to those cities. Besides, as the Art Union exhibition has closed, on account of its coming under the lottery law, we cannot see how a gift concert, which is similar to the mode of distributing prizes adopted by the Art Union, can be legally given in this city. No good can come of this mode of dodging "the devil round the stump." We consider it a lottery, and as such should be put down at once. If suffered to obtain headway, our city will soon become one vast gambling house. Look out.

Gaspee—what are you about?

We did think at one time that our friends of the Gaspee Fire Co., of Providence, really meant to give the members of the Southwark Engine Co., No. 38, of this city, an opportunity to convince them, the members of the Gaspee, that they, the Southwarkers, were justly entitled to the prize recently played for at the celebration at New Haven. The Southwark's challenge has not been accepted, and to all present appearances, will not be. We expected better things of the Providence Firemen, but their conduct, after all that has been said in the papers respecting their capability to beat any of our New York built engines, seems rather strange, and we are compelled, once more, to ask the question, "Where's the Gaspee?"

Plain Talk.

Chief Engineer in his last report to the Common Council, uses the following unmistakable language:

"Now, because I have publicly proclaimed an adverse opinion of the corporation for several years, I find myself as hotly pursued as your outraged constituents have recently pursued you; and I repeat, that thousands on thousands of dollars of the public treasury have been squandered, and between two or three thousand men brought into the Department to drive me out. *You are a band of political bloodhounds*, and you can do your worst. The infamy of the Common Council of 1852 and of 1853 will be so deeply engraved in the tablets of history that to have been removed by it for exposing its nefarious crimes can never be a source of degradation to me by discerning posterity."

Rather sharp, we should think, and the Common Council owe it to themselves as well as to the community that some action should be taken on the Chief Engineer's reports. What say the political bloodhounds? Guilty or not guilty?

Harper and Putnam.

Another Muss. The proprietors of Harper's and Putnam's Magazines are at it. Harper has been caught in the act of stealing Putnam's thunder, and the proof of his guilt being so conclusive, Brother Harper is "placed in a very perplexing predicament." We would help him out of the scrape, but really, we have no sympathy for literary pilferers.

Counterfeit on the New Quarters.

Be on the look out for spurious 25 pieces of the new coinage. They have just been put into circulation, and in a short time New York will be flooded with them. They have a greasy feel, and are rather dark, though well calculated to deceive. We advise our citizens to be on their guard, and nip the speculation in the bud, if possible.

A Novel Fight.

An Irish girl, living in Wilmington, Del, having had a difficulty with three negro wenches in that city, offered to fight all three. The wenches agreed to it, and the fight took place on Sunday, the 28 ult. The Irish girl came off victorious. A fact.

Commenced.

Already is the extensive Carpet warehouse of Hiram Anderson, at No. 99 Bowery, beginning to feel the effects of the great fall trade which our city is threatened with the present season. Careful housekeepers are to be seen every day selecting, from the immense stock of Mr. Anderson, carpets of every description and of every price. The variety this season seems to surpass the styles of all former times; and though large sales have already been made, yet the vast sales rooms are kept constantly stored with fresh arrivals. Don't forget 99 Bowery, the largest carpet warehouse in the United States.

Have You Seen Them?

Have you seen the new style of Fall hats just introduced to the notice of the public by Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, of No. 57 Chatham street, and corner of Chatham and Pearl? They are really beautiful, and, with the daguerreotype likeness of each purchaser, a new feature lately adopted by the above firm, are decidedly superior to anything of the kind yet issued in the world of fashion. That no mistake may be made, we would just inform our readers, that no hatters, except those above named, have the privilege of inserting daguerreotype likenesses in hats; so that if you wish, not only a beautiful, but also a well-fitting and easy hat, fail not to call at the stores of Messrs. Rafferty & Leask.

Monster Concerts for the Masses.

We are glad to see that the efforts made by Jullien with his monster concerts, have thus far been attended with but middling success. Let us inquire into the causes of this failure. In the first place, our daily and Sunday papers announced to the citizens of New York, that the concerts of Jullien and his monster band were intended for the *masses*, to familiarize the *masses* with a higher order of music than they had formerly been accustomed to. The masses—the masses. It sounds immense; but the masses, unwilling to be longer humbugged by foreign artists, have met Jullien and his band with the cry of the asses, the asses. Jullien has not, thus far, fulfilled one promise, as regards the concerts for the masses his prices have been fixed at $1, and 50 cents, according to quality. Do these prices suit the masses? No. The masses cannot pick up dollars in the streets; and for a foreigner to suppose that our working masses, who always constitute the masses of this country, can afford to pay one dollar, or half a dollar, to listen to a concert of foreign music, the idea is absurd. Give us twenty-five cent concerts, Mr. Jullien, and you would please the masses.

Let us take a glimpse at the programme of the concerts for the masses. The following pieces comprise part of the entertainment offered by Jullien:—

Symphony—The Scherzo, from the symphony in F - - - Beethoven
Aria—Robert toi que j'aime - Meyerbeer
Valse—La Prima Donna - - Jullien
Ballad—Trab Trab - - - Kucken
Valse—The Olga - - - Jullien
Duo—Contra Bassa, Carnival de Venice - Bottessini
Tarantella—De Belphegar - Roch Albert

Now is'nt this a pretty dish to set before the masses—the American masses? Not one in a thousand understands what is meant by a symphony in F., or Robert toi le j'aime, or Trab Trab, or anything else of the kind. It's all nonsense to play such stuff to the masses. And it is all nonsense to pretend that these concerts are for the masses. It won't do—we've got our eyes open—we begin to see and to act for ourselves. We've been humbugged by foreign artists long enough.

Mademoiselle Anna Zerr is quite indisposed, owing, we suppose, to her reception, which was not what she expected. Her singing was but middling, and but illy calculated to impress an audience with any great idea of immensity. The concerts for the masses won't go down.

The Celebration at the Sun Office.

This *great* affa'r took place on Saturday evening last and the public by this time have been pretty well informed of all that was said and done on that occasion. But every little transaction connected with the Sun office has *not* been made public, especially such as reflect upon the proprietors of, and those immediately connected with the Sun, it may not be out of place for us to fill up the void by giving a few facts, which can be substantiated by hundreds of poor men, women, and children. During the supper, at the celebration, the motto, "The Sun, it shines for all," was freely used during the evening by those who had been invited to the feast, and who were expected to say something, in return for their "bread and butter." But the motto, as applied to the Sun newspaper, is a foul lie. The very men who helped to build up the Sun, the workmen of the city of New York, have received more opposition from that journal than from all the others combined. Their efforts to obtain a proper remuneration for their labor have been stigmatized as ruinous to the employers, and as exorbitant and unjust. You all know this, the workmen and the employers. "The Sun, it shines for all!"

In the cold and dreary winter, long before daylight, men, women, and children, may be seen gathered about the entrance to the room where the Suns are delivered to agents. Though the cold may pierce these poor human beings to the very marrow, yet they are not suffered to enter the room, where there is *room for all*, until it pleases those who possess a little brief authority to admit them. We have seen children, some of them with hardly covering enough to hide their nakedness, and some barefooted, endeavor to obtain admittance into this building, where the "*Sun shines for all*," in order to shelter themselves from the weather, yet they were driven back with oaths, and oftentimes with blows. These people are those who sell daily papers for a living, and whose crime consists in being poor. "The Sun shines for all." And what do our readers imagine these news-dealers make by selling the Sun? We will tell them. The average number sold by each person might be set down at 50 copies, for which they pay 36 cents, thus making 14 cents, if they are successful in selling out, which is not always the case.

But yet even this small profit appears to be envied them; for a notice appears in the Sun, once or twice a week, advising our citizens *not to buy of boys, of stand-peddlers, or agents*. They wish the small profit to be brought direct to the office, to help swell the already well-filled coffers of the proprietor; and the proprietor, it should be remembered, owes the success of the Sun to the efforts made by the agents and boys, in former years, to "shove the Sun ahead," as they used to say. We might well say, in this connection,

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

"The Sun shines for all," does it? For all but those, we might add, whom poverty claims as its own, and whose misfortune "keeps their noses continually to the grinding stone." God help the poor, and protect them from the assaults and oaths of such men as we have spoken of, whose Sun is *said* to shine for all.

Let us say another word to the public. Give up your subscription at the Sun office. Buy of those poor women and children you meet every morning. It will not injure you, and will be a great help to them, especially as the cold season is approaching. Give your penny to them, and, while you obtain your paper in return, you will have the pleasing consciousness of having performed a benevolent action, and of having contributed your mite to help feed the poor, instead of making richer the already rich proprietor, by leaving your name at the office. Think of this. Think of it when you are reposing comfortably on your bed, and these poor women and children are braving the storm of oaths, as well as of the elements. "The Sun shines for all!"

The Whole World's Temperance Convention.

This convention, gotten up as one of the humbugs of the day, by a set of crazzy headed women, has passed off without doing the last damage to its projectors or to our fellow citizens at large. We are glad of this. We cannot be too watchful of the doings of the women, especially of insulted women, such as Mrs. What-you-call-her, and so on. "Old Morality," of the Tribune, has managed to become quite a favorite with these men-women. We must have our eye upon him. There's no knowing what he's after.

The American Yacht Sylvie.

By reference to another part of this paper, it will be seen that the American yacht Sylvie has suffered a defeat in her first contest with foreign yachts. It is not to be supposed, however, that this will be the case again. In a first trial it is extremely difficult to make all things work well. The owner, we see, immediately challenged the victorious yacht to a trial of speed, which we hope will be accepted.

OUR IRISH LETTER.—From M'Fudd.

Siptimber the thurd, New York.

Dear Muthur;

The widdy, Tim, mesilf, and the rest uv the boorders, wint an a bit uv an ixkurshun the udder day to Hobuckin, an a mitey fine time we had uv it i kan asshure yu. We hiurd an omnibush, wid 4 spankin greys—none of yure commun kattle, but rale horses wid flowin maines, an thare tails behind thim. Whin the omnibush drew up in frunt uv the widdy's *hall* door, O, divil a lep—the sinsayshun it crayated, and the jellesay that showd itself, wus most divartin to behould. Me blud wus hot enouf to bile the tay kittle fur listnin to the insults levuld at us by the crouds of min, wimmen, and childrer, gathurd about to see us aff, bekase they cudent do the like thimselves.

"How big sum fokes hav got," sez wun. "Hav yu got yure money, drivur?" sez anudder. "Give thim poor craythures uv horses a naggin of otes, before they fail frum wakeness," sez the nixt wan. "The Lord be wid us aftur ye," sez a fourth.

And as thay kept an till we had to be aff wid ourselves as qwick as possebel, to get rid uv thare abuse and shlander. On our way to the ferry ivery wan was luckin at us, an we felt as if our trousers—all but the widdy's—wur growin too big fur us.

We brot iverything wid us, frum a wudden spoon to a shouldher uv bakon, not forgettin a keg uv Sullivan's whiskey. Whin the *tabul* was spred, it wus fit fur the Presydint himsilf to sit down to.

We ait and dhrunk till we nerely bushted. Aftur that wus over we smoked, and aftur that danced till our hart's contint. Phelim O'Muck playd the fiddul fur us, an the dulcet strains he dhrew fourth wud have brout consolashun to the hart uv a frog, and tears to the ises uv a grasshopper. Thay say that he's a wurthay rival to Holy Bull, whoiver the divil he is. Ef its the wan i caut in the Park sum 2 or 3 weeks ago, i bate him mesilf quite aisily, an only *playd wid wan string*.

Whin it begun to be evenin we begun to think uv goin home. It was aisy to see that Sullivan's whiskey begun to work, fur wan uv the boorders sad he wudent go home till mornin. Anudde sed he shud go, an, aff coorse, Irish-like, we finished the day wid a bit of a scrimmage. The widdy and me kipt at a dascint distance; but poor Tim got a black patch on wan eye.

At all evints, we got home safe, but sum not altogether sound, by raison uv the fite—wint to bed, and thus inded the day.

Yure affexunate SHAMUS.

A description of a celebrated Sporting-house in New York, and some of the doings inside.

The following communication has just been handed in by a correspondent. We have taken the liberty to make a few alterations, which we hope will meet the approbation of our correspondent.

"The front room is fitted up with a Bar, about a dozen of arm chairs, and on the walls were hung engravings of fighting dogs, pigs, &c., with a written description under each, of their individual celebrities. There are two dogs stuffed, and enclosed in glass cases, and one of the papers giving an account of them, contains the following: "The Brindled Dog N. Y. Crib, who after a contest of 1 hour and 47 min. killed his opponent, Canada Prince, and won the stakes of $250. Crib died after the battle." The other dog is "Canada P." and has also a glowing description appended to him, giving an account of 6 battles that he had won, and winds up by saying, "and was finally killed by N. Y. Crib, after a gallant struggle of 1 h. 47 min. *He died game.*" There is also a splendid picture of a white dog hanging over the bar, said to have cost $30. On a ticket inserted between the frame and canvass, it reads: "Mr. Brown's dog Jack. Will be matched against any dog of 19lbs. weight, in 6 weeks from matching, for from $100 to $500." After having purchased a ticket, I followed the crowd, through a long, dark alley way, issuing from the back part of the room, and soon found myself in a large barn-like apartment, fitted up with rough seats, [illegible] the ceiling. These seats, extend around the room, and surround the pit, which is in the form of an octagon, the sides being about 30 inches in height from the floor.

The spectators, having got seated, the *sports* of the evening commenced, by the proprietor bringing in a long box, say 7 feet long, by 15 inches square. This box has a hole cut in one end, large enough to admit a dog, and on the top near the other end is a trap door to take the animal out, in case of necessity. At the farther end, with grinning teeth and flashing eyes, crouches the badger which they intend to bait. As the trap is raised you can see him and hear his low but savage growls, as he sits on his haunches prepared for the attack. But here comes the dog, wriggling, and yelling, in his master's arms, to get loose. His owner slips a choke rope over his head and then lets him go. The animal, trained to "badger baiting," runs immediately for the hole in the box, enters it, and seizes the occupant thereof. Then begins the excitement. The owner of the dog follows him to the box, where he urges his "race horse" on, using all kinds of maniacal gesture and noises, the crowd shouting at the same time; presently, if the dog is a match for the Badger, he brings him out, when, after being choked off, the badger seeks refuge in his coop again. This sport continues till all have tried their dogs, when something else is introduced, generally the bear, a large brown female, which has been in this place over 5 years. Indeed one could easily believe it upon seeing her head. The lower lip is completely torn of, showing a most formidable looking set of "canines" and "inscisors," she has no ears, they being litterally dragged out some time ago by two powerful Indian mastiffs, and her head is one mass of scars; indeed, she has so many wounds, and has borne them so well, that they call her "the Old Veteran." When this "*star*" is needed, an immense chain is fastened to her neck and attached to a staple in the centre of the pit, when the dogs are loosed upon her, two being considered a match in most instances. She receives them in a sitting posture, with her fore arms extended, as if boxing; she most always hits one dog with the right paw knocking it across the pit, and then takes the other dog in the left paw, and hugs him, till she is forced to let him loose, by the other opponent, who by this time has recovered, and is making attacks in some other parts of the body. After a tussle of 5 or 10 min. they draw the dogs, and introduce fresh ones, if there are any on hand. I forgot to mention that nearly all the dogs brought here, are those of persons wishing to "try them," only a few being owned by the proprietor. These sights are most always finished by "dog fights." Two dogs of about the same weight are loosed upon one another and made to fight, until one runs away, or gets worsted. That is if upon being separated, one does not show a willingness to "go in" or "scratch" he is declared the loser of the battle. It is wonderful to see what hatred is exhibited by a dog to his antagonist, and with what fury they will tear each other; and last though not least the science with which one will protect his legs from his opponent's grasp. Shifting them first one side then the other, and if necessary turning over to elude a bite. When a dog endeavours to run away, it is called turning, and both dogs are lifted by their "*handlers*," and carried to opposite corners of the pit, and the one that "*turned*" must be loosed, and if he refuses to "*scratch*," (as I before said) he loses the battle. Dogs have been known to crawl on their bellies to reach their antagonist. In a match all these rules are observed more particularly; the dogs are tasted, to see whether there is any thing poisonous on them; they must not be over the stipulated weight, &c.; but there are regular articles drawn out and signed by the parties making a match which incurs a forfeit, before agreed upon, if the rules are departed from. The sports for the evening wound up by a match for $10 a side between Mr.—— dog Spring and Mr. C——s dog Rattler, to kill 25 rats against time. Mr. C—s dog won in 1 min. and 55 sec. and beating Mr.——dog 15 seconds.

GREENHORN.

Singular Cricket Match.

A dispute having arisen in the Newark (N. J.) Cricket Club, concerning the comparative abilities of tall men and short men at that game, a match was played on Monday last to decide it. The long legged members played against the short legged ones. It was an unprecedented affair, matches hitherto having been made only between married men and single, right handers and left handers.

HENRY REED AND GEORGE SEWARD.—This exciting match, wherein the above noted pedestrians were matched to run a quarter of a mile for £100, came off on Monday last at Mr. Sadler's new racing ground, at Garratt, near Wandsworth, and, as might be expected from the celebrity of the competitors, attracted a large assmblage of the patrons of the sport. The performances of the men we have so frequently given that they must be as familiar as household words to our readers, and therefore require no introduction. The odds being in favour of Reed, who, although (as he admitted) "not quite the thing," was confident and buoyant, but Seward since the 1st inst. has not run a yard, having sprained his leg. After two false moves the pair dashed away from the crease, Reed with a slight lead, which he increased as he progressed. On covering the first three hundred yards the severity of the pace had evidently told upon Seward, who began to give way, and shortly after it was evident Reed, however, as if to make assurance doubly sure, went on with undiminished speed and won with ease to himself, by five yards. Time 54sec. The winner can have the stakes by calling at our office to-morrow (Monday), at one o'clock.

A Boarding House for Sale.

The well known boarding house, situate at No. 49 Bowery, immediately opposite the Bowery Theatre, is offered for sale. The house has accommodations for 30 boarders, and is full at the present time. The proprietor having other business to attend to, will dispose of the above on reasonable terms Apply to Mr. Heath, on the premises.
Sep. 10—1 time

STATE OF NEW YORK,
SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
Albany, August 18, 1853.

TO THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF NEW YORK. Sir:—Notice is hereby given that at the General Election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Secretary of State in the place of Henry S. Randall.

A Comptroller in the place of John C. Wright;

An Attorney General in the place of Levi S. Chatfield.

A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of William J. McAlpine.

A State Treasurer, in the place of Benjamin Welch, Junior.

A Canal Commissioner in the place of John C. Mather.

A State Prisoner Inspector, in the place of William P. Angel.

Two Judges of the Court of Appeals—one in the place of Charles H. Ruggles, and one in the place of Hiram Denia, appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Freeborn G. Jewitt.

A Clerk of the Court of Appeals in the place of Charles S. Benton.

All whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next, except that of Freeborn G. Jewitt, which will expire on the last day of December, 1857.

Also a Justice of the Supreme Court for the first Judicial District, in the place of John W. Edmonds, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Also four Senators for the Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Senate Districts, in the place of William McMurray, Obabiah Newcombe, James W. Beekman, and Edwin D. Morgan, whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

COUNTY OFFICERS ALSO TO BE ELECTED FOR SAID COUNTY.

Sixteen Members of Assembly.

Two Justices of the Superior Court in the place of John Duer, and Robert Emmett.

A Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in the place of Charles P. Daly.

A District Attorney in the place of N. Bowditch Blunt.

Two Governors of the Alms-House, in the place of Richard S. Williams and Isaac Townsend;

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Yours respectfully,
HENRY S. RANDALL,
Secretary of State.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided.

JOHN ORSER,
Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

All the public newspapers in the County will publish the above once in each week until the Election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment.

See Revised Statutes, vol. i. chap. 9, title 3, article 3d, part 1st, page 146.

MEXICAN
MUSTANG LINIMENT.

This article has been thoroughly introduced, and is now universally used, throughout the entire Union, British Provinces, Canada, Bermudas, and West India Islands, and its power and influence is fast becoming felt, wherever civilization has obtained a foothold. Its mild and soothing influence upon diseased parts—effectually CURING in all cases—virtues so diametrically opposed to all other medicines of the kind used—has obtained for it its world-wide reputation.

RHEUMATISM,

of years' standing, has been totally eradicated from the system, giving the limbs all their pristine vigor and activity. Its power to conquer this dreadful affliction afone makes it invaluable; but there are many other diseases considered equally incurable, and almost as distressing, that are entirely dispelled under the magical influence of the

MUSTANG LINIMENT.

An exxperience of five years enables us to assert with confidence, that it will cure

PILES, ULCERS, TUMORS, of all kinds.
OLD RUNNING SORES, SCROFULOUS DISEASES, STIFFNESS OF JOINTS AND MUSCLES, FELONS, SWELLINGS AND INFLAMMATIONS.
NEURALGIA, TOOTH-ACHE,
EAR-ACHE, GOUT, CORNS,
SPAVIN, RING-BONE, FISTULA,
CHAFES, GALLS, SCRATCHES,
POLL EVIL, SWENLY,

and in fact any disease of

MAN OR BEAST,

that can be touched with an EXTERNAL APPLICATION.

As a healing and soothing balm for Burns, Cuts, and Bruises, which so frequently result from the accidents of every-day life, it has no equal.

A PRUDENT HOUSEWIFE

will always keep a bottle in the cupboard, ready for any emergeney.

A CALCULATING FARMER

would as soon think of working his farm without horses, as to working his horses without the MUSTANG LINIMENT.

LIVERY STABLE KEEPERS,

Who are acknowledged to be the best judges of horse flesh in the world, and who are the most careful in preserving the beauty, health, and vigor of the noble animal have used the Mustaug thoroughly, and pronounce it the best and only reliable remedy that can be applied.

It is put up in three different size bottles and retailed as follows:—

Small size 50 cents per bottle.
Medium " 75 " "
Large " $1,00 " "

The MEDIUM contains three times as much as the SMALL size, and the DOLLAR nearly three times as much as the Medium size; so that there is a gain of fifty per cent. in buying the larger sizes.

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS

Every store should be supplied with this valuable LINIMENT, as it pays a good profit, and sells rapidly.

A. G. BRAGG & CO., Proprietors,
301 Broadway, New York, and cor. 3d and Market-sts., St. Louis, Mo.

Sold by all dealers in drugs and medicines throughout the United States, and territories not yet annexed.

FALSTAFF TAVERN,

BY IZZY LAZARUS,

No. 4 James Street,

Two doors from Chatham St., NEW YORK.

Private Lessons given in the Art of Self-De- [illegible] the day.

NEW SALOONS AND BAR ROOMS,

Wishing something nice in the way of

Pictures, Looking Glasses, &c.,

can be supplied at the very lowest prices for cash, by calling on

ROGERS, 150 FULTON STREET,

near Broadway, where they will find a good assortment of every style both antique and modern.

TO SPORTSMEN, CALIFORNIANS, AND OTHERS.

Alfred Woodham,

No. 160 Fulton-street, one door West of Broadway,

OPPOSITE "ST. PAUL'S" CHURCH.

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Or any *Ornamental Work* of *Cast Iron* or *Wood*; which for *cleanliness* in its application, *beauty* and *durability* of its *Lustre*, is warranted to be *superior to any thing* heretofore offered to the public for that purpose. All orders addressed to

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All the Morning papers are sent by the early train on the morning of their publication, and by this arrangement with the numerous Rail Road and Steamboat lines, we are enabled to pack cheap publications, &c., in the same bundle, so that our patrons not only secure their orders in advance, but at the same time save the expense of freight on the extra packages of Books and Mags.

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If you are unfortunate, and want to be cured and left in sound health, come to me; I am saving hundreds monthly. My father's reputation and my wonderful success will satisfy any person there is no humbug about this. Those that doubt, let them come and see for themselves, and if I don't do all I say I can, I will make them a present of $25 to go where they think they can do better. I use nothing that is injurious to the system; but use medicines that will strengthen a person, and leave them in sound health in the shortest possible time.

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R R R
REMEDIES

TO THE PUBLIC.

RADWAY & Co., the Inventors, Manufacturers and Proprietors of the justly celebrated R. R. R. Remedies, were the first to discover a Remedy possessing the Marvelous and Miraculous Power of stopping the most Excruciating Pains in an instant, allaying the worst Cramps and Spasms either interal or external in a few minutes, and soothing the most severe Paroxysms of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Tic Doloreux, as soon as applied. The R. R. R. Remedies consists of three Remedies, each possessing quick and wonderful powers over certain complaints and diseases, and will instantly—

RELIEVE *The Human System from Pain*
REGULATE *Each Organ to a Healthy Action.*
RESOLVE *Away all Diseased Deposits.*
RENOVATE *The body from all Corrupt Humors.*
REBUILD *The Weak and Broken Down Constitutions.*
RESTORE *To Health, Strength and Vigor all unsound and worn out parts.*

R R. R.—No. 1.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
For all Acute Complaints,
INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL.

The moment it is applied externally or taken into the system, it will stop the most excruciating pain and quickly remove its cause.

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Mr. Granger, a mason well known in Brooklyn, was a cripple for nine years, Radway's Ready Relief, Relieved him from pain in fifteen minutes, enabled him to walk two miles without the aid of stick or crutch in three days, and cured him entirely in one week.

Thousands of other cases equally as wonderful as the above, have been cured by R. R. Relief.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

Radway's Ready Relief will relieve the sufferer from all pain in fifteen or twenty minutes. It will cure the most desperate cases in a few hours.

NEURALGIA.

The moment R R. Relief is applied it allays the most painful Paroxysms. It will always cure

SICK HEAD ACHE.

It will relieve the most distressing pains in fifteen minutes. It will likewise prevent renewed attacks.

AGUE.

In ten minutes a teaspoonful of R. R. Relief will stop the Chills and break the Fever.

Aches of all kinds, Pains of all kinds, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Strains, Sprains, Stiff joints, Lameness. One application of Radway's Ready Relief will in a few moments ENTIRELY STOP THE PAIN.

It reduces swellings, heals sores, cuts and wounds, removes bruises, allays the most violent irritations. For all pains use R. R. Relief. Look for the signature of Radway & Co. on each bottle.

R. R. R.—No. 2.
RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT
Resolves, Renovates, Rebuilds.

IT CURES

Scrofula,	Tumors,	Bleeding of the Lungs,
Syphilis,	Consumption,	St. Vitus Dance,
Sores,	Rickets,	Salt Rheum,
Asthma,	Nodes,	Canker,
Bronchitis,	Fever Sores,	Rash,
Ulcers,	Erysipelas,	Tetters.

The above eighteen complaints R. R. Resolvent will positively cure.

It renovates the system completely, Resolving away from the Solids all impure Poisonous and Diseased Deposits, freeing the Blood and Fluids of Life from all corrupt humors, restoring, Energy and Vigor, Health and Strenth to every Organ and Member of the body.

LETTERS FROM HIGH AUTHORITY.

HON. J. J. MIDDLETON, OF WACCAMAW, S. C.—Writes under date of May 2d, 1853. That Radway's Renovating Resolvent cured one of his negroes, on his Plantation at Beaufort, of a Scrofulous complaint, of many years standing. The poor fellow was a disgusting object of pity, he was a moving mass of sores. The other negroes could not remain in the same place with him. None of the Doctors could do anything for him. He was entirely cured by Radway's Renovating Resolvent, and [illegible] upon the plantation. To the people of S. Mr. Middleton is well know, and to the political world, Mr. Middleton is no stranger.

SCROFULA.

Mrs. W. [illegible] under the date of [illegible] endorsed that no one would give a trip for her life," she was so covered with sores, that there was not a spot of pure flesh of the size of a silver dollar on her whole body, was entirely cured by Radway's Renovating Resolvent.

NINETEEN YEARS.

MRS. HENDERSON, of Westford, Mass., has been covered with sores for nineteen years, has been cured by R. R. Resolvent.

SALT RHEUM.

The most obstinate cases of Salt Rheum will quickly yield to the RENOVATING RESOLVENT. One gentleman who supposed that this complaint, was hereditary in his family, and had been afflicted with Salt Rheum since his birth, was cured by the use of a few bottles of the Renovating Resolvent, and the POISONOUS RHEUM ENTIRELY ERADICATED FROM HIS SYSTEM.

IT REGENERATES

Every organ and member of the body; it makes sound, healthy and strong all weak, diseased and unsound parts.

WEAKNESS

In Male or Famale is quickly cured, and the debilitated and emaciated made strong, vigorous and healthy Impotenee and Nocturnal Emissions in men, or diseases of either one or more of the generative organs, is quickly removed, and the body restored to a healthy and sound condition.

LOW SPIRITS—NERVOUSNESS.

In WOMAN, the numerous complaints and ailments which cast such gloom over their spirits, a few doses of the Renovating Resolvent will quickly remove the most NERVOUS, GLOOMY and DEPRESSED, feel HEALTHY, STRONG and HAPPY.

Persons wishing this Remedy will please ask for Radway's Renovating Resolvent. Its price is one Dollar per bottle. No small bottles, nor is the genuine ever sold for less. Each bottle bears the fac simile signature of

RADWAY & CO.,
162 Fulton street, New York.

R. R. R.—No. 3.
RADWAY'S REGULATORS.
REGULATES TO A HEALTHY ACTION
All the Organs and Secretions of the body,
Restores to Health and Strenth,
THE DISEASED AND WORN OUT PARTS

COMPLAINTS THAT RADWAY'S REGULATORS ENTIRELY CURE.

Costiveness,	Liver Complaint,	
Indigestion,	Heart "	
Dyspepsia,	Kidney "	
Dropsy,	Bladder "	
	Urethra "	

DIFFICULTY OF PASSING URINE

Dizziness,	Inflammation of the Stomach,
Stupor,	Biliousness.

MELANCHOLY.

MALIGNANT DISORDERS.

Small Pox	Measles,
Scarlet Fever,	Yellow Fever,
Bilious Pneumonia	Typhoid Fever,

AND FEVERS OF ALL KINDS

Influenza,	Pleurisy	Common Colds

FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

Irregularity,	Prolapsus Uteri,
Hysteria,	Womb Difficulties,
Whites,	Amenorrhea,

LOSS OF APPETITE,	Loss of Memory,
Loss of Energy,	Loss of Strength.

R. R. REGULATORS
ARE ENTIRELY VEGETABLE,

Perfectly Tasteless,	Never Sicken,
Good at all times,	Never Gripe.

DOSES.
ONE TO THREE—REGULATES.
FOUR TO SIX—PURGES.

One Regulator at Night, on going to bed, will ensure sound sleep, a Good Night's Rest, and a Healthy and Pleasant Discharge from the Bowels in the morning.

Radway's Regulators, Ready Relief, Renovating Resolvent, are sold by Druggists everywhere.

RADWAY & Co., 162 Fultonstreet.

	H.	M.	S.
Julia	3	24	11½
Arrow	3	34	11½
Sylvie	3	36	56½
Aurora Borealis	3	43	39½
Osprey	3	45	29
Alarm	4	4	91
Aurora	4	17	30

A vessel called the Wildfire, as usual on such occasions, created a good deal of confusion by running in the course of the racing yachts. On the return to the Nab, when off St. Catharine's, at 5h 10min, the Julia was leading the Arrow by about three quarters of a mile, the American at this time being a good three miles astern. When off Ventnor, at half past 5 o'clock, the Julia had obtained a lead of the Arrow by nearly a mile. Off Culver Cliff, at two minutes past six, the wind freshening from the southeast, the Arrow with her immense baloon jib, began sensibly to draw upon the Julia, who, throughout the entire race, was sailing under her ordinary going sails. From the time that the American had been observed so far astern, but little attention was paid to her, and her chances of obtaining the prize, or even a second place, were never for a moment entertained. Great was the surprise, as the steamer was waiting at the Nab, watching the progress of the Julia to it, which was to be the winning post of the race, when the supposed almost lost Sylvie was observed so near abreast of the Arrow as to be a question of very great doubt which of them had the lead. The light wind that had for some time prevailed had been turned by her to good account, and although it was not ascertained at the time, she would most likely then take advantage of her novel construction by hoisting up her keel, and leaving nothing but what has been aptly termed her "skimming dish" upon the water. Thus drawing but three feet at the fore and six feet aft, she was able to appear in the extraordinary manner here described. The Julia could, however, never be overhauled, and on her appearance, at the conclusion of the race, was greeted with loud and hearty cheering. The following statements of the time of the arrival of the respective vessels, given below, are those taken by the sailing committee on board the Nab Lightship, and by those persons who remained on the steamer, the difference mainly arising from the variation of watches:—

	Committee's Time.			*On board the Steamboat.*		
	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.
Julia	7	7	3½	7	5	12
Sylvie	7	13	42	7	11	40
Arrow	7	14	29½	7	12	34
Osprey	7	18	36	7	16	45
Aurora Borealis	7	19	6	7	17	32

The Julia was then declared the winner, after one of the finest races ever witnessed. The winning vessel was built by Mr. Ratsey, of West Cowes, and was only launched about three months ago. No restriction whatever was placed upon the Sylvie, either in the use of her drooping keel, her number of men, or in any other respect, and she sailed here perfectly on her own terms.

On the return of the steamboat to Cowes the most anxious inquiries were made as she passed the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, and other vessels, as to the winner, and great satisfaction was expressed at the result.

Mr. L. A. Depau, owner of the Sylvie, promptly challenged the owner of the victorious yacht for another race.

Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta.

CORK HARBOR.

The morning of Thursday arrived, and brought with it very little wind for the prize allowed for tonnage. Notwithstanding the number present, but three entered to contend, and but for Mr. William Ward Jackson, of the Gitana, who came forward in the most spirited and yachtsman-like manner to make up the entry, we question much if the race would have taken place. The arrival of the Sverige seemed to have made a settled question of it. However, nothing daunted, the noble Gitana and gallant little Isidora came to the starting buoys to the honour of their flags. They were moored as follows—No. 1 being next the Spit Bank:—

YACHTS. TONS.	OWNERS.	CLUBS.
1. Isidora 100	Thomas Pim, Esq. jun.	Royal Irish Yacht Club.
2. Gitana 168	W. Ward Jackson, Esq.	Royal Western Yacht Cl. of Ireland.
3. Sverige 280	Vice-Commodore Bartlett	Royal London Yacht Cl

At 11:15, A. M., the gun from the club battery proclaimed the start, with the wind at N.N.E. The Isidora jumped away merrily from the spring, and took the lead in gallant style, under main and fore-sails, fore-stay sails, baloon jib, and main gaff-topsail; the Gitana smartly under weigh, a good second, under mainsail, fore-ssil, fore-staysail, jib, fore-topsail, foretop gallant sail, and maingaff topsail; the Sverige third, under mainsail, foresail, fore staysail, jib, and maingaff topsail. Shortly after getting under weigh she set her foregaff topsail. The Sverige came up and passed Gitana. Off the Spit Lighthouse, 'twas ease off the sheets and away dead afore the wind, upon which the Swede set her baloon jib, and began to draw upon the Isidora, when "gybe ho!" was the word, and all three spanked away merrily, hugging the western land. At this period it was a very pretty race, and the crews of the many merchant ships testified their eager interest in the contest, as the three noble schooners swept rapidly down through the Man-of-War Roads. And now the dusky-looking foreigner getting her own way—as she got the stronger breeze, forged ahead swiftly, passed Isidora, and took the lead; the Gitana, at the same time bowling along in grand style, ranged up alongside of the latter; when again the determined little Isidora shook off her persevering antagonist, her baloon jib doing her good service in the effort, and both vessels overhauled the Swede, with whom the wind was lightening, and every appearance of a calm outside. "We'll have another day of it," said the crew of one vessel. "We'll get another trim in her," murmured the skipper of another. When lo! a speck upon the horizon! another! and there came a noble ship slashing along, studding sails set alow and aloft, with the wind all away at south and west. The Sverige quickly prepared for the coming event, shitted jibs, and hauled by the wind on the starboard tack; Isidora was at her again, after her own fashion, and Gitana braced sharp up, and shook her saucy head as the wreathing foam curled up in snowy jets around her fore foot. It was a very beautiful and exciting scene to a nautical eye. The three vessels having closed up considerably during the momentary calm, as it were, again commenced their struggle, but upon a different point of sailing; the Swede, however, soon settled all difficulties as to whose locker the sovereigns were to be stowed in; she laid up nearly two and a half points closer than either of the other vessels, weathered the first flag-boat, and went away flying. From this time her competitors never had a chance with her, save and except, had she carried away a spar. The Isidora maintained second place, and the Gitana came in third. We deem it but justice to the latter vessel to state, that she never entered with any intention save that of making up the entry for the race; she had her boats, guns, water, stores, and provisions for a six month's cruise on board, and up to the time of start her crew made no further preparation than for an ordinary day's cruise, Mr. W. Ward Jackson entertaining a party on board during the race. The Isidora sailed wonderfully well, but being also in cruising trim, she could not, of course, be expected to hold a place with the Sverige. The following is their time at the flag-ship.

Sverige	2	42	0
Isidora	4	24	0
Gitana	0	0	0

As we turned out on Friday morning but little wind greeted our longing gaze. It was to be *the* race of the regatta, and that's a *faact*, as brother Jonathan has it. Three clippers were entered for the purse of 50 sovereigns, and *one* was to win, and that was another *faact*, startling to be sure, but rather easy of comprehension could we but have named the lucky No. *one*. The Cynthia's performances it would be superfluous in us to mention; the day was hers, the weather was hers, the water was hers, every chance that turned up bore the impress of Cynthia upon it. And the night before a certain gallant yachtsman offered another certain gallant yachtman 40*l.* for his chance, which we need hardly say was as promptly declined. Whilst the Tar was spoken of as having distinguished herself rather in the passage from Kingstown, the owner of the Enchantress honestly stated his opinion that his vessel was not fit or up to the work that was cut out for her, and that he handed her over to Mr. Pasco French to do what he pleased with; but that start he would, for it never was his principle to spoil sport. Go his vessel should; let her be first or last she should be sailed fairly from the start to the finish. We need hardly say that a manly speech begets a manly answer, and many a hearty shake accompanied the equally hearty wish from each competitor. "that the best man might win!" There was one still, small voice, ejaculated the name "Marina," but a more authoritative one growled forth "She wants weather, 'tis the Cynthia's day!" the small voice distinctly whispered close alongside of us, "I'll be d——d if she does!" upon which we all vanished into thin air. Well, to cut short our yarn, at 11h 45min on Friday, the 5th day of August, the following clippers started. It was one of the finest races that ever was sailed out of Cork Harbour, and we doubt much elsewhere either.

NAME.	TONS.	OWNER.	CLUB.
1. Enchantress	54 33-94ths	S. Hodder, Esq.	R.C.Y.C.
2. Marina	52 24-94ths	W. J. Forster, Esq	R. W. Y. C. I.
3. Tar	43 31 94ths	R. Howe, Esq.	R.C.Y.C.
4. Cynthia	54 57-94ths	H. Roe	R.S.G.Y.C.

The Marina astonished her *hard weather* admirers by taking the lead by about two or three feet, just showing her stem clear of the fleet by about that distance; it was one of the most glorious exciting starts we ever witnessed; with the wind at N.E., the four gallant little barkwidg, breathing from their bay, each seemed as eager, as willing for the struggle as any one of the daring mariners that manned their decks. Away, away they flew like merry sea-birds. For one nautic mile they ran before the wind—stem and stem alike—the Marina just showing clear, the booms overhanging each other's deck, the owners and their friends enjoying the merry laugh, the quick jest, and the jovial repartee, as on they went to the Spit Lighthouse—still one solid cloud of canvas; gybe ho! with the windermost, and over went the booms like magic; still close order, and a man might have jumped from the deck of one to the other; suddenly, however, the Marina began to hint what her intentions were, by boldly singling out and taking first place, and Master Geordie Greenham, her worthy skipper, shook his head knowingly, and "reckoned she was *fit* to go that day ag'in any Cynthia as ever floated!" The gallant little Cynthia appeared to have overheard the words, for she slyly began to creep out under Enchantress's lee; the Enchantress, however, with Mr. Pasco French at her tiller, *rather* astonished the saucy Cynthia, boldly walking past her, and hauling her wind a little, made a gallant effort to go out in Marina's weather; but wary Marina had her work cut out: a determined seaman was at her tiller, in the person of George Greenham, and as smart a crew as ever stepped a plank trod her decks, determined to do or die She shook a jolly defiance at all, waved the pretty Cynthia a fearless challenge for the championship of the flying fifties, and making no secret of what she meant to do, declared to go and win. Cynthia did not appear at all to like her hardy antagonist. Again she tried the pace. But no! Marina would not stay for even a hail, the gallant Enchantress doing wonders, Tar making all the sailing she was possessed of, and well; but the speed was too much for her—she was evidently dropping astern. As they approached the Narrows the wind fell light, and Cynthia and Enchantress again drew upon Marina; every appearance of a flat calm outside, but the pilot, taking the glass, declared for a S. W. wind, same as the day before, whilst a hand from the crosstrees reported wind along shore well from the north and westward. Again Marina got a slashing breeze, and bowled along merrily, leaving Cynthia and Enchantress well astern, every motion of the bonny barkie watched and tended with anxious hearts and willing hands, and the straining eyeballs of many a grey-haired seaman were turned with anxious longing to the broad, dark, rippling surface of the ocean, which, scarcely half a mile distant betokened a slashing breeze. But there was a fatal barrier—a belt of calm—which, to cross and get the true wind required all a seaman's skill. And now the brave little Marina gibed her boom as she ran into the glassy belt of sea, and tried all that mariner's subtle art could do to gain the wished-for-breeze, which lashed the waters into mimic waves some few cables' lengths ahead of her. George Greenham wished to have kept the western land well aboard, but the pilot would not listen to it, and overruled him. The sequel showed the "Ancient Mariner" to be right. "Mem" for yachtsmen sailing a match at Cork:—Never let your pilot leave the western land to look for a south-west breeze when you start with the wind to the northward. Ay, there lay the apparently doomed Marina—not an air to lull her longing convas to sleep; and there, too, were her daring antagonists, creeping slily along the land, every square inch of canvas drawing, and laying their course well down for the first flag-boat. And now the Enchantress, showing her helsman's accurate knowledge of the coast he was upon, glided along by the very rocks, fearless of danger, and flying past the Cynthia with a cheer which made the wild cliffs ring again, glided round the first flag-boat, and was away like a witch. And where was the Marina all this time? Ay, there she has it at last, tearing and slashing along like a mad thing, her gallant skipper with his brow knitted in firm resolve. On, on she goes for the flag-boat, and tacks for it under the Cynthia's lee; and ere the latter had rounded many minutes she was on her weather and past her, flying along in wild pursuit of the Enchantress. And now commenced the gallant struggle. The Marina, having twice outsailed Cynthia, and proved herself superior in speed, was somewhat startled by the amazing swiftness so suddenly displayed by the Enchantress. At her, therefore, went Marina, and as both vessels rounded the third and last flag-boat the Enchantress was exactly 3min 15sec ahead of her, and hauled her wind for Roches Point, but the wind veering round again to the north, broke her off, and both vessels stood for the land on the port tack, and fetched into Kelly's Bay to the eastward of Poor Head, when both tacked and laid well along the land, a regular stem and stem struggle, the Enchantress proving herself an out-and-out clipper, and no mistake. In the meantime the Cynthia, being some distance astern, after rounding the last flag-boat, got the wind more to the eastward of north, and made one dashing board in on the starboard tack for Roches Point, sailing exactly the base of the triangle, sailed by the Enchantress and Marina, and, lo! to the astonishment of all, weathered both vessels, and took the lead. Now was the exciting moment, each vessel preparing for the last struggle, which was to determine who should have the glory of that hard fought day. It was short legs and a long one through the Narrows, with the wind at north, blowing fresh and steady. Away went the Cynthia with a thundering lead, and away went the Marina close in her wake, the Enchantress not a minute astern of either, tack for tack, and board for board, to the Spit Lightship. In the tops, on the yards, and along the decks of the merchant ships were large groups of seamen, watching intently the noble struggle, cheering one and other alternately; at last the Cynthia made her last tack, and, just weathering the Marina, laid well up along the Spit Bank, whilst the Enchantress came foaming along in the wake of the latter; down went Marina's helm, round she came, and was away again up on Cynthia's quarters; another hundred fathoms and she was abeam of her, stem and stem, a glorious struggle and a fierce one, and with one hearty cheer that made the harbour ring again, the hardy skinner of the Marina drove his little craft in ahead of the invincible Cynthia by exactly 26sec, with the Enchantress close enough to be anything but comfortable. They arrived at the flag ship as follows:—

	H.	M.	S.
1. Marina	5	4	7
2. Cynthia	5	4	33
3. Enchantress	5	6	9
4. Tar	6	20	30

And thus ended one of the best and closest sailed matches we have ever had the pleasure of seeing; everything was conducted with a fair, upright spirit of generous rivalry, the Marina astonished every one by her splendid performance, for it must be admitted that, give the Cynthia her day, plenty of wind, and smooth water, and it will be a bonny craft that will beat her. The performances and wonderful speed displayed by the Enchantress, fairly took every one aback; she never sailed to such perfection before, in every point, and great credit is due to Mr. Pasco French and to Mr. Hodder for the seaman-like style in which she was handled. It is but justice to state that the Marina was lined and modelled for Mr. Foster by Mr George Greenham, her present skipper; she was built by Ratsey, and is a wonderfully strong and able vessel, oak-framed and planked, all wire-rigged, with the exception of her running gear.

The Arrival of the American Sloop-Rigged Yacht Silvie.

On Sunday afternoon this long-looked for yacht gratified her expectants with her appearance at the rendezvous (Cowes), were she anchored about four P. M. On passing Ryde she brought with her a fine breeze, and proceeded to the westward at a great pace. She has a tremendous beam, when observed end on but with a broadside view she much resembles the America, particulary as to her after body. She is certainly the most curious looking craft ever seen in these waters, and every one who has seen her, has given a definition of her deck plan, some thinking her to resemble a pair of bellows, with the handles cut off, and nozzle remaining, while others compare her to a turbot, with the sheer that such a fish would resemble with its head and tail tricked up. Not withstanding her appearance she is by no means unsightly, and her tall and stately mast has been much commented to. Her dimensions are as follows:—

Length of deck, 80 feet.
Beam, 24 feet 6 inches.
Depth, 7 feet.
Draft of water aft, 6½ feet.
Draft of water forward, 3½ feet.

She has a centre board that can be lowered 15 feet below the keel. She is sloop rigged, with a standing bowsprit, and carries a jib-boom Her mast is 82 feet long, boom 72 feet; from the end of bowsprit to the mast is 50 feet, and jib-boom 18 feet out, so that, in fact taking the extreme extent of her spars, she forms an equilateral triangle, the area of which is her moving power. Her accommodations are amply sufficient for a yacht of her class. The main cabin is commodiously and tastefully fitted up with mahogany and satin wood, having, on either side, two sofas, at the back of which are two berths—thus making up four berth-places. The port side opens to a state cabin, and, on the starboard side, there is a passage leading forward. She was built by Mr. George Steers, in 1851, and is now the property of Lewis A. Depau, Esq. of New York, and is commanded by Captain Peter H. Comstock.

ROWING MATCH.

R. Newell and W. Pocock's Match, for £50 a Side, from Putney to Mortlake.

On Wednesday evening the question of aquatic superiority between these men, which has been the theme of discussion for some time past, unequivocally decided in a contest which proved that

"E'en in their ashes live their wonted fires."

The combatants were old ones, as it is termed and not inaptly, when men have for a long period of years been playing conspicuous characters on the stage of life. But their rowing in this race little betokened it. There was a vigour and freshness about it worthy of their earlier days, and which proved that time had but little impaired their energies. To attempt anything like a description of what Newell and Pocock respectively have done would, indeed, be a very long task, and would occupy space which the pressure of other important sporting events prohibits our devoting to their performances. It may serve for the general information of the reader to say that Robert Newell of Battle Bridge-stairs, who is now in his 42d year, and whose rowing weight is 10st 2lb, after winning the Horselydown Coat, when just out of his apprenticeship, made his *debût* as a wagerman in August, 1836, when he beat Ellys and Byford in a sweepstakes match. From that time to the present, including last Wednesday's conflict, he has been engaged in no less than 41 races of various decriptions, and, amongst them, in single combat with his present opponent, whom he defeated first in September, 1839, in July, 1843, and again and again in 1844 and 1846. William Pocock of Lambeth, who in his 38th year, and whose rowing weight is 10st 10lb, has on his part been engaged in 38 aquatic struggles—like his opponents, varied as to form of rowing and result. He first came out in Nov., 1838, in a £5 race, and then step by step climbed the ladder of fame. We may shortly sum up their celebrity by saying that they were the two next men to the celebrated Robert Coombes, the ex-Champion, and that Newell's attainments were so distinguished that he found friends to back him twice in 1842, and again in 1847, against him for the proud distinction, which he, however, never arrived at. We have already noticed at various times the progresion of this match since it was first made. Both men were in very capital condition, and, with their friends, very sanguine of success. The Curlew had been chartered for the loosing man, and was so inconveniently crowded that she could not keep pace with them. Besides her, Citizen L., the Little Prince, and Waverly accompanied the match. For some time past Pocock had been the favourite at 5 to 4, and on the persons assembling on board the boats there were no takers at the price, nor at a trifle more. Newell had been troubled for two or three days with an ol some of his friends, was thought might cripple his exertions, all efforts to reduce it having been unavailing. Doubledee, as umpire for Newell, and Rolls for Pocock, with A. Wentzell as referee, having taken their stations in the head of the Curlew, at ten minutes to six, preparations were made for the start, at which time Lord Kilmorey's gig and a number of other boats were in waiting for the race. Newell, who had won the toss for the station, took the Middlesex place, and they had not been at the bridge more than two or three minutes before they were in motion. The start was taken rapidly by both, but Newell got it slightly, and was half a yard in front while off the Star and Garter, where Pocock came up to him, and they then remained scull-and-scull for about three hundred yards. Pocock now began to show a lead of a couple of feet, which he increased to above half a length, but off Craven Cottage Newell was again as even with him as at the moment of starting. Amidst the vociferations of his friends, Pocock again forged ahead, and rowed so pluckily, as to draw himself almost clear. He began to shoot the water full early, and, as he did so, sung out to Newell, "It was your day before, it's mine now; I'll give it to you." Newell, whose thin, sharp voice sounds at all times oddly, when excited, replied, "Will you, mate. Will you give it me—will you give it me—have you got me;" and, at each hurried ejaculation, he raised himself upon his thwart, despite the *boil*, and "gripping" his water with herculean tug at each stroke dashed by his opponent, and passed under the suspension bridge in 10min 23sec after the start, with a neap tide, one clear length ahead of his opponent. On reaching the Eyott. Newell's course was rather wide, and Pocock being closer, put on a fine spurt, and for a moment reduced the distance a trifle between them, but in the next half mile Newell was four to five lengths away, and continued to increase the gap between them to the end, arriving at Mortlake seven or eight lengths ahead. The time was 26min 2sec, which is excellent, considering the badness of the tide. Both men rowed in boats built by Salter of Wandsworth—Newell in one built for Mackinney, and Pocock in a new outrigger. The winner was trained by Mr. Styles, of the Rose and Crown, Putney. Newell has now determined to retire from aquatic competition; he has done a great deal, and done it well, and his determination is, in our opinion, a wise one. The "pluck" he exhibited in this contest, when the pain from the cause above alluded to is taken into consideration, cannot be too highly commended. The stakes are to be handed over to Newell, at Robert Coombe's, the Ship, Mortlake, on Wednesday, the 24th inst, the night after Messenger and Candlish's match.

Death of Clarion.

We regret very much to announce the death of this fine horse, on the 24th ult., at Newtown, L. I. He was the property of Mr. T. Howell, who had the misfortune to lose two other valuable horses in four days.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Levett to Jackson.

John Levett informs W. Jackson that he is much obliged to him for accepting his challenge, and then proposing to run in half the time specified, when he (Jackson) is in full training; but if Jackson means making a match without any quibbling, Levett will run him 10 miles for the belt and £50 or £100 a side, in seven weeks from to-morrow (Monday). If this does not suit Jackson, Levett will consider himself champion, and will be open to make a match with any man breathing; or he will run Jackson any distance he thinks proper to name, from one mile to 20, at Hyde Park, Sheffield. Any communication addressed to Levett, at Mr. R. Cobbridge's, Cossack Inn, Howard-street, Sheffield, or to Mr. D. Dismore, King's Arms, Smart's-buildings, Holborn, will be immediately attended to.

Levett *versus* a Ponny.

A match for, it is said, 25*l.* a side, has been made between John Levett of Sheffield and Mr. S. G.——ll's pony Black Taffie, 40 inches high. The pony is to gallop six miles to Levett's four, at Hyde Park, Sheffield, on Monday, Sept. 12. A deposit of 5*l.* is in the hands of the stakeholder, Mr. Heathcote. The next, of 5*l.* a side, is to be made on the 17th inst. The pony is to pass Levett on the outside, and not run against the man when in his track, or forfeit the money.

Levett v. Time.

A match, we are informed, 50*l.* a side, has been made between John Levett and a gentleman, who bets Levett 50*l.* that he does not run 10 miles, at Westhill Park, Halifax, in 54min on the 5th September, and 50*l.* that Levett does not run 16 miles in one and a half hour, at the 19th of September, at Nottingham. Mr. J. Coates, of Birmingham, is stakeholder.

Sudden Death after a Running Match.

On Tuesday evening, a young man, named Thomas Byatt, a shoemaker, aged about 20, undertook to run a mile in less than five minutes, near Little Canfield-end, Takeley, and accomplished it; but having fallen down once or twice, he was placed against a gate, and almost directly fell backwards lifeless.

Match against Time.—W. H. Thompson, a private in the Royal Marines, who has been twenty years in the service, is forty two years of age, and stands 5 feet 10 inches, has undertaken to walk from the Royal Marine Barracks, Chatham, to London Bridge and back in 12 hours; one hour to be allowed for refreshment. He is to walk in full guard order, i. e., in full uniform dress, with great coat, belts, musket, and 60 rounds of ball cartridge in his pouch. He will start from the barracks at four o'clock, A. M. on Wednesday, the 24th inst. His route will be through Chatham, Rochester, Strood, Gravesend, Dartford, Shooter's Hill, Greenwich, Deptford, Rotherhithe, and through Tooley street to London Bridge, and back by the same line. This match has been undertaken to satisfy some doubts which had arisen as to his having performed a similar feat three years ago.

The Indian Ball Play.

From the Red River Standard.

Friday, the 8th, was a brisk day in our sister town of Rowland, and her usually quiet streets and lanes presented a gay and animated appearance not often to be seen in that quiet adjunct to our town. The long-talked of ball play was to come off at 12 M., and "great excitement," (we wish our honorable friend could unlearn us that phrase) was caused thereby. Early in the morning quite a number of our citizens left town to witness the sport. They returned in the evening highly elated at the fun they had witnessed, and from them we glean our items of the play.

There were fifty-four Indians engaged in the play, twenty-seven on a side. Captain Sautuksha had charge of one party, and Captain Jones the other side. Before the play opened, a party of well-dressed gay-looking squaws, about twenty-five in number, proceeded to chant and dance the "conjure dance," after the music of a tin-pan, beaten with a stick in the hand of one of the parties. This display of the "poetry of motion" was for the success of the Sautuksha party. When the red-skinned nymphs of the Sautuksha had closed, a like number of squaws, decked in their gayest trinkets, went through the same salatatory evolutions for the benefit of the Jones faction. Each party was attended by its own "medicine man," who performed several offices of conjuration, and invoked the "Great Spirit" to give their respective captains the victory.

The medicine man of the Jones party was a venerable, pinched, lank-looking little savage, well stricken in years, whereas the medicine man of the Sautuksha party was a pale, robust, athletic fellow of not over twenty-five, and to appear venerable and grave-looking spite of youth had recourse to a long beard of sheep-skin with the wool on, which he wore under his chin. At 12 M., the ball was thrown up and the play began. The game was twelve marks. The Jones party took the lead and made the three first scores, and their friends "came down with their dust" upon them at great odds. The blood of all the Sautukshas was up, however, and they made the two next scores, and at the eighth score were a score in the lead of their competitors, and continued to lead until their twelfth score closed the game, which stood thus: Sautuksha twelve scores, Jones six scores.

The game was about two hours in being played. General good order and harmless hilarity prevailed throughout the day, though we are pained to add that in a brawl which took place between some Indians the night previous, three of them were severely stabbed. A friend who "piled up" on the Jones party, by reason of his faith in the ghostly look of their "medicine man," is sick of gravity, and, blessing himself after a fashion, avers that he wouldn't give a sheep's tail, in an extremity, for all the gravity, dignity, and ghostliness extant. We learn that the next play between the same parties, of which due notice will be given, is to come off in this town. "Will anybody bet on the bay?"

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

"A Balm for every Wound, a Cure for every Ill."

RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
LUMBAGO,
SCIATICA,
SALT-RHEUM,
TETTER,
PILES,
SCALD-HEAD,
CAKED BREAST,
SORE NIPPLES,
SORE SHINS,
BURNS AND
SCALDS,

ULCERS, GOUT,
STIFF JOINTS,
BRUISES,
CUTS,
CHAFES,
GALLS,
SPAVIN,
SPLENT,
RING-BONE,
SWENEY,
SORES,
SCRATCHES,
POLL-EVIL.

HARD LUMPS OR TUMORS,

AND ALL KINDS OF

Pains or Inflammation, in Man or Beast.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS.

This is to certify that the Mexican Mustang Liniment has been used quite extensively in the stables of Adams & Co.'s Great Southern, Eastern and Western Express, for CURING Galls, Chafes, Scratches, Sprains, and Bruises, and it has proved effectual. Many of their men have also used it on themselves and their families, and they all speak of its healing and remedial qualities in the highest terms. One of our hostlers got kicked, and badly cut and bruised on his knee—as usual, the Mustang Liniment was resorted to, and the soreness and lameness was soon removed, and it was perfectly well in three or four days. We have no hesitation in recommending it as a valuable preparation, to be used externally on man or beast.

J. DUNNING,
Foreman of Adams & Co.'s Express Stable, New York.

☞ A child in Frederickton, N. B., a few days ago, burned its legs severely against a stove. The mother immediately applied Linseed Oil and Cotton Wool, with a tight bandage over all. In a short time the screams of the child induced the mother to remove the bandage, when it was discovered that the cotton wool had taken fire by spontaneous combustion, and had considerably increased the size of the burn. The mother happened to think that she had part of a bottle of Mustang Liniment in her house, which she got immediately and applied to the burned limbs of the little sufferer, and as soon as it was applied, the child ceased its cries and soon after fell asleep in its mother's arms, by the soothing influence of this valuable preparation.

Every family should be supplied with this Liniment in case of accident, as we know it to be a valuable article.—*Boston Eve. Chronicle.*

☞ It becomes our duty to state, from unquestionable facts, that there is a compound patented by Messrs. Bragg & Co., Broadway, corner of Duane street, that in a pre-eminent degree supersedes all modern preparations, and the best evidence that can be given of the "Mexican Mustang Liniment" is, that it effects the salutary and desirable objects which its worthy inventors have so fully demonstrated in their advertisement, in another column. We are well acquainted with a gentleman in this city, who has visited our office every other day for the last three years, and who, during the period of seven years, as he states, suffered considerable pain at intervals, in his knee-joint, from rheumatism, and though he had recourse to every description of compound medicines within the reach of purchase, yet not the least relief did any of them afford him. About two months since he was induced to try the Mustang Liniment, and after about thirteen applications he found himself entirely relieved from all rheumatic pain or affection.—*Irish American.*

From a personal acquaintance with the individual mentioned in the preceding paragraph, we have no hesitation in endorsing the statement.—*Eds. Democrat*

OFFICE WALL STREET JOURNAL,
NEW YORK, 1st Feb. 1853.

Messrs. A. G. Bragg & Co.—

We want your advertisement, because we have used your Liniment, personally, and it has done us good. We will insert it at $2 per month instead of $4, and you may change it to suit yourselves.

Yours, respectfully,

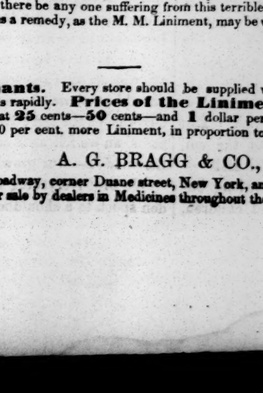
ROBINSON & CO.

DOVER, N. H., January 20th, 1853.

Messrs. A. G. Bragg & Co.—I had a valuable horse that about three weeks since was wounded severely in his thigh, with a sharp hook, opening a gash three inches in length, and an inch or more deep. I tried various articles to heal it, but inflammation getting into it caused large quantities of matter to collect, and the limb was quite stiff. A friend of mine asked me if I had tried the Mustang Liniment, to which I replied in the negative, but thinking it might do some good, was induced to try it. I had only used one half bottle when the inflammation began to be removed, and the wound to heal. Now it is entirely healed and the hair is growing over the wound, making it look as well as ever. Hoping that others may be benefited by a trial of your valuable compound, I remain yours,

CHAS. E. WHITEHOUSE.

BRUISES AND SPRAINS.



We have almost daily proofs of the magical power of the **Mustang Liniment** in severe bruises and sprains. Every one is subject to accidental bruises by coming in contact with some hard substance, in stumbling, falling, being upset in carriages, railway cars, &c, or by kicks from horses, falling of stones, timbers, and other missiles, and thousands of other collisions that we are constantly subject to. A bruise upon the face or about the eyes, will frequently disfigure a person for weeks, by leaving large "black and blue" marks indicative of a "set to," that are particularly disagreeable and annoying to a sensitive person. By using the Mustang Liniment as directed, all those discolored spots will be removed with a few applications, and the skin left its natural color. Sprains of the most severe character are cured in a few days.

RHEUMATISM.

Persons afflicted with this disease, no matter of how long standing, or what the cause, or what remedies they may have used, so that the organization of the affected parts are not destroyed, can be promptly, effectually, and permanently cured, simply by using the

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

Numerous certificates can be furnished from persons who have paid hundreds of dollars to doctors, and from ONE to FIVE dollars a bottle for various Rheumatic Compounds and Specifics, without receiving any relief, who have been perfectly cured in a few days by the use of ONE BOTTLE of the Mustang Liniment. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have as yet established but one agency for the Mustang Liniment in Canada West—namely, Mr. James Granger, of Napannee. He writes us as follows:

"The way is, in my opinion, opening advantageously for an extensive sale of your article in our neighborhood. Scarcely a day passes without several calls for Mustang Liniment." With this letter came the following certificates.

CANADA WEST,
FREDERICKSBURG, December 1st, 1852.

Mr. James Granger—Sir, I feel it my duty to inform you of the good effects of a medicine which I purchased of you, called Mexican Mustang Liniment. My wife has been affected with very severe Rheumatism during the last twenty-four years, and her case has baffled the most skilful physicians in my vicinity. I have tried every patent medicine recommended to cure that disease, which came within my reach, but her affliction was rather increased than lessened. Her knee, the part in which the disease was located, became greatly calloused. She had been for many years obliged to use crutches having almost entirely lost the use of her limbs. I by chance heard of the Mexican Mustang Liniment, for which I was informed you were agent. I obtained and applied a bottle. It entirely removed the pain, and by a continued application of more of the medicine, I believe four bottles, the callouses are now nearly gone. My wife can now walk freely without crutches and free from pain.

Yours, very truly,

WM. SPENCER, Sen.

CANADA WEST,
RICHMOND, February 6th, 1853.

Mr. James Granger—Dear Sir: During the last six years, I have been a very great sufferer from Rheumatism. In the cold weather, especially, my disease raged with almost insupportable violence. I have been frequently confined to my bed for weeks together. I became helpless and hopeless. I have tried the multitude of nostrums prescribed by my friends and acquaintances, but without any permanent relief. At very great expense, I employed medical aid. I remained many months under the charge of the best reputed physicians in our vicinity, but found no better success. I had recourse to the most skilful practitioners in Bellville and Kingston, but my hopes were again prostrated. My case was considered *incurable*. When at last, as one given up to die, I had lain nearly three months suffering extreme agony and unable to obtain relief from any quarter, I was recommended to use a medicine called Mexican Mustang Liniment, to be found at your drug store. Though I had never heard of such a medicine, such was the state of my case that I resolved to try it. The effect seemed scarcely credible to myself, yet it was so. My pains left me entirely, and after spending more than one hundred dollars in cash, and suffering more than I would have thought it possible for man to suffer and survive, one dollar's worth of the Mexican Mustang Liniment, manufactured by A. G. Bragg & Co., has completely restored me to health. Should there be any one suffering from this terrible disease, I hope that so simple, easily applied and efficacious a remedy, as the M. M. Liniment, may be within their reach. I remain dear sir, yours very truly,

SAMUEL BALDWIN.

To Country Merchants. Every store should be supplied with this valuable Liniment, as it pays a good profit, and sells rapidly. **Prices of the Liniment.** It is put up in bottles of three sizes, and RETAILS at **25** cents—**50** cents—and **1** dollar per bottle. The 50 cent and dollar bottles contain 50 and 100 per cent. more Liniment, in proportion to their cost, so that money is saved by buying the large sizes.

A. G. BRAGG & CO., *Sole Proprietors.*

PRINCIPAL OFFICES—304 Broadway, corner Duane street, New York, and corner Third and Market streets, St. Louis, Mo. Also for sale by dealers in Medicines throughout the United States.